FLYING ALONG

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 116. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING JANUARY 21ST, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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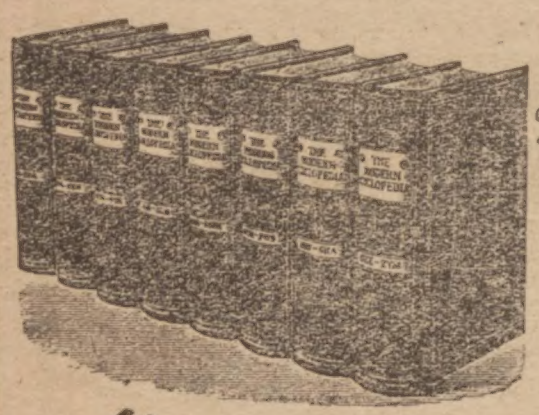

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 116. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 21ST, 1911. ONE PENNY.

BLACKMAILING STAGE HANDS.

HOW THEY FLEECE THE ARTISTES.

In theatre-land, more particularly the music-hall section thereof, the stage-hands have a regular system of what really amounts to blackmail, the artistes being the victims. At the end of the week every performer has to distribute tips among the stage-hands amounting to at least ten per cent. of his or her salary, and the stage-hands have an exceedingly accurate idea of what the artiste is actually getting.

There is no question of payment for extra services, whether the artiste requires elaborate scenery or practically none at all, the tax is the same.

Some of the big stars have tried to kick against the practice, but in vain.

If an artiste fails to tip properly, nothing will be said at the time, but when he next comes to that hall something unlucky is sure to happen. The curtain will go up or come down prematurely. Something will go wrong with the lighting at a critical moment.

However strong suspicion may be, it is impossible to prove anything, for genuine accidents will happen even in the best regulated halls.

The wise artiste submits to the impost. In the case of the big people they can well afford it, but it comes hard on the struggling artiste who is getting, perhaps, £3 a week.

Probably he is already paying 10 per cent. of his salary to the agent who got him the engagement, and 20 per cent. off £3 does not leave much.

Managers have tried to stop this blackmail, but again in vain, for stage hands are a powerful and independent lot.

Mr. Arthur Collins, of Drury Lane, tells this story of how he was rebuffed by a scene-shifter.

Scene-shifters, it may be explained, are divided into those who push the "flats" (scenery) into position and those who shift stage furniture.

During a rehearsal Mr. Collins wanted the position of a couch changed and called out to a stage-hand to move it. The man took no notice, and Mr. Collins asked him what he meant by his disobedience.

"Lor love yer, guv'nor," exclaimed the man, "it would be as much as my job was worth to touch that couch," and he explained that his job was to shift scenery only, and that to move a piece of furniture would be to bring down the wrath of his Trade Union on his head. And the famous manager had to take a back-seat for once. Characteristically enough, he shifted the couch himself.

F. BOSTON.

CHEEK.

The Christian name of a man called Bending, who was charged with stealing recently, is William. We blush at our temerity, but we can't help remarking that the police were smart in catching William Bending.

* * *

Hint to Male Flirts Who Smoke at Rinks: If you can't make a match on the rink you had better take a spill.

* * *

We are told that the "reign of the hobble" is at an end. Everybody knew that it was a tottering reign all along.

* * *

Mr. W. J. Locke has written a short story called "A Christmas Mystery." Does it deal with one of the cold sausages left over with the remains of the turkey?

* * *

No, Clarence, you may think it smart, but to call the Criterion the "Cri" is *not* the *dernier cri*.

* * *

"In making love . . . consistency is the quality most to be aimed at," says Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. Certainly the most successful lovers always are a bit thick.

* * *

What gave Barry Pain? When someone said to George Bernard "Pshaw!"

* * *

"Our men," says the "Bystander," "go to Massachusetts, Manchester, Mile End—anywhere but to Mayfair for their wives." Perhaps they argue that they may fare well, but that probably they won't.

* * *

"When a man gives you his bare word, can you assume he is telling the naked truth?" asks Mr. Vaughan Dryden. It strikes us as rather a close question.

* * *

"How Gentlewomen Are Sweated," is the title of an article in a contemporary. *We* know. Hockey is a very popular game with gentlewomen, nowadays, and they play it very vigorously, too.

* * *

Why is it that Miss Maggie May? Because Mr. J. Hickory Wood.

* * *

A writer says that Southerners do not realise how seriously the Scotsman takes the bagpipes. But the Southerner, too, thinks they are no joke.

* * *

"Should I," asked the young man who was about to marry, "tell my darling little wife all about my business affairs?"

"By all means," said the man of experience. "Tell her all about them—if you're losing money."

L. S. COX.

GUARDS.

AN UNENVIABLE MILITARY DUTY.

Guard-mounting in the Army is a pretty serious duty even in time of peace, for the men carry ball ammunition, and a very grave view is taken of any offence committed on guard.

Thus an act of drunkenness, which in the ordinary way would be punished by a small fine, means a dose of cells, and possibly a court-martial, if committed on guard.

Further, if a man has been warned for guard, and by reason of drunkenness or other misconduct is unable to take his place there, he is punished as if the offence had been committed on guard.

Officers' guards are rare, but not unknown. There is, for example, the officers' guard which mounts nightly at the Bank of England—not such an unpleasant job, as the Bank provides a tasty dinner, and the officer is allowed to entertain one or two friends.

When an officer is in command he usually has a room to himself, but, like the men, he is not permitted to undress, though he may remove his cloak or great-coat.

While the men not on sentry-go may be able to snatch some fitful hours of sleep there is not much peace for the commander of the guard either by day or by night. He must visit his sentries at least twice by day and twice by night, besides sending out a patrol at irregular intervals to see that they are alert and at their posts.

He has to receive and take charge of all prisoners, and see that their "crimes" are delivered within the proper time and duly recorded in his guard report.

He must visit the prisoners from time to time, more especially when there are any "drunks" among them. Prisoners sometimes escape from the guard-room, with naturally serious consequences to the commander.

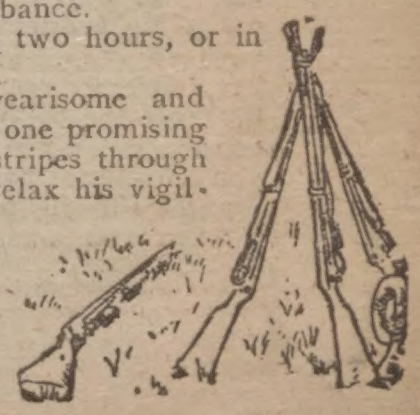
He checks the names of men returning off pass, and "logs" the laggards. He detains and questions strangers wishing to enter barracks after the gates are closed.

The guard "turns out" at reveille, retreat (sundown), and tattoo; also once a day to the Commanding Officer, and whenever the General or other bigwig enters or leaves barracks; again, too, when visited by grand or visiting rounds, and whenever there is an alarm of fire or other disturbance.

Sentries are relieved every two hours, or in bad weather every hour.

It is on the whole a wearisome and onerous duty, and more than one promising young sergeant has lost his stripes through thinking he could afford to relax his vigilance while on guard.

"CHINSTRAP."



HORSES & MEN

WHY THE BOND OF UNION IS SO CLOSE.

For some reason or another, close association with horses seems to give a man health and strength. The beneficial results of riding would, of course, account for this, but more than three-quarters of the men who could be described as horsemen seldom have any riding to do at all, for they are drivers.

The men who drive the vans of the railway companies, the brewery companies, the carrier companies, and many others, would probably be as much at a loss if you put them on the back of a horse as the average sailor would be if you put him into the water.

BORROWED STRENGTH.

These drivers do not go in for riding, so that it could scarcely be the exercise they take that keeps them fit. Their excellent health may be due, in a measure, to their open-air life; but one finds that other men who follow open-air trades are not, on the whole, as fit and well as the driver.

The explanation is that he derives some subtle sort of energy from his association with the horse.

You know how it bucks you up to go for a walk or to have a chat with some friend who is bigger and stronger than you are. It is the same with the driver.

To the man who is not a lover of horses, the horse is simply a primitive means of locomotion. He looks upon it as a clumsy beast, and its being harnessed to a wheeled vehicle in order that that vehicle may move as merely a relic of barbarism.

But the horseman takes a different view.

HORSES VERSUS MOTORS.

You cannot talk to an engine, and you cannot give it a piece of sugar. You may like it, but you know that it is incapable of liking you. With a horse, on the other hand, there is scarcely any limit to the degree of mutual understanding, and it is always a living, breathing companion throughout a man's daily work.

It has often been said that horses are like women, and need careful and tactful handling. Certain it is that every horse has its own peculiarities.

Even in a vicious horse—one that most people would regard as thoroughly bad, without any redeeming virtue—an experienced horseman will find many little points that he can like, and, that being the case, he gets along reasonably well even with a bad-tempered horse.

CHECKING A HORSE'S FAULTS.

It has a propensity for letting out with its hind feet, and he guards against this danger by keeping its head up when it threatens to do so; it will not stand still when he has to leave his cart, so he hitches the reins to one of the front wheels in such a way that as soon as it begins to move it will be pulled up. He overcomes its bad qualities by these and other means, and the rest of its qualities he likes, for a bad-tempered horse is usually a very good goer.

Even in the best of horses there are little evidences of temper. I know one mare, for example, who objects very strongly to being pulled up suddenly if she does not happen to wish to stop. In her younger days it was her habit to rear under such circumstances, but now she follows a policy of more passive resistance. When you pull her up sharp, as you sometimes have to do in traffic, she stops right enough, but she refuses to start again when you want her to move on.

A stranger to this mare would be annoyed, and possibly call her a bad one, but all you need do is to turn her slightly round as if you were going back to the stable. This trick always works, and she at once begins to move. Then, of course, you turn her back to the proper direction and go ahead, and you have not gone out of the straight course more than a yard or so.

This shows how even the best of horses—for this mare is one of the best—need to be humoured, for they have their whims and their little bits of temper just like men have.

The quality of a horse depends mostly upon its breeding, but its good looks are chiefly due to the man who looks after it. If you groom your horse well, and see that the harness is always thoroughly clean, your turn-out will look better than another that cost perhaps thirty or forty pounds more.

PERSONAL PRIDE.

A man who takes pride in turning his horse out well usually turns himself out ditto. Not that he makes himself into a dandy if he is a working man, but his clothes, though rough and serviceable, are neat, and that, and his pride in his horse, keep him straight in character also. You do not find him boozing, for instance.

You will notice this if you have a look at the horses and men on a cab rank.

Sometimes the men are gathered together beside the shelter, and away from their cabs, but you can almost pick out the driver of each cab by looking at the horses and the condition of the harness.

The smart, clean turn-out belongs to the smart, clean driver, and those where the horses are badly looked after, and the harness not looked after at all, are driven by some of those untidy, beer-reeking cabmen, who, unfortunately, form far too large a proportion of the men in that trade.

WM. PEGRAM.

HOW MANY SHARES ARE YOU GOING TO APPLY FOR?

See the Editor's Notebook on Page 12

HANDY MEN IN THE HOME

HINTS ON DOING LITTLE ODD JOBS ABOUT THE HOUSE.

By AUNT MARIA.

It has at times been suggested to us by correspondents that we are, perhaps, too prone to fill our columns with matter that specially appeals to men of the brutal sporting type and to neglect the requirements of the "home bird," the man who loves—not the rough *mêlée* of the football field—but rather to sit by his hygienic gas stove, and sip mulled home-brewed lemonade. So we are making now a special effort, for one week only, to please the better type of man, by commissioning Aunt Maria to write the following "happy home hints."

* * *

HINT NO. 1: Bathing a Baby.

Shake well, in order to mix up the contents thoroughly. (Oh, I *am* so sorry. I was thinking of my recipe for curing cold feet.) I mean take the little dear in your arms, hold him out at full length, plunge him into hot water, holding a hand over his mouth to prevent him squawking, take him out, and put him in front of the fire to dry. When his mother comes in, she will bless you for being such a dear, helpful boy.

* * *

HINT 2: What To Do With Your Old Cigar Boxes.

Now *you* nice boys for whom I am specially writing are not, I am sure, like some horrid untidy creatures I know, who drop tobacco ash (ugh!) on the carpet, but you like to see every little knick-knack in yours tidily in its place.

Well, get some broad *bébé* ribbon at two three per yard, and drape this in pretty festoons round the lid of that old cigar box. It will then serve as a receptacle for any thing you don't want to see lying about, for instance, all the unpaid tradesmen's bills, the pins from that suit of clothes your kind uncle gave you back, ginger beer corks, and all manner of masculine litter.

* * *

HINT 3: Curing a Cold in the Head.

That is probably what a lot of you will have contracted just now, through disregarding your Aunt Maria's advice, and forgetting to wear your respirators.

Rub your nose with a candle (don't be extravagant like some wild youths. A farthing is *quite* enough to give for it.) Sniff up some eucalyptus oil (never mind how much other men may swear at you and hold their noses), and if these fail, try milk for your cold in the head. *Boil it.* (Of course, I mean the milk.)

* * *

HINT 4: How To See If Your Sheets Are Aired.

You've probably all experienced the dreadfully dreadful results, dears, of sleeping in damp sheets. Your poor cheeks go white, your precious noses turn blue, your eyes become watery, and you can't enjoy your evening game of tiddley-winks one little bit.

Take your loving Aunt Maria's advice, then, and always see that your sheets are aired. Here is the best way of ascertaining whether this has been done or not. Borrow your landlady's baby (preferably without asking her), and pop him into your bed. If he sneezes, you can be sure the clothes are damp.

* * *

HINT 5: How to Dance With Sore Feet.

Most of you adore the dreamy waltz, don't *isn't* it dreadful when you'd love to dance but are prevented by sore toes? In such cases, rub on a compound of mustard, pepper, turpentine, and crushed capsicums. If you do this, you won't be able to *help* dancing.

Ever your loving

AUNT MARIA.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

"NAME OF BROWN"

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Colour-Sergeant Allan Maidstone, of a Battalion of Cyclists that had earned for itself the pet name of "The Spick and Spanners," listened with easy disbelief to the words of little Private Markham as they rode along in the dark.

A winter evening's company ride out, which had finished up with the usual invasion of a comfortable country hostelry, had loosened the youngster's tongue so that the enormity of "telling tales out of school" seemed as naught to him.

"Well, the only thing," he concluded, "if you don't believe me, is to ride Leafy Lane way some moonlight night and you'll see 'em both—your late fiancée—and Brown."

"But you *must* be mistaken!"

"Good heavens, Maidstone, you evidently think you're a bally Narcissus-and-a-half! Haven't you ever heard that little remark about the pebbles on the beach?"

"Private Markham, you're riding out of file!" the Colour-Sergeant rapped out.

"Who the dayvil . . ." began the new Second Lieutenant suddenly.

"It's all right, sir!" said the Colour-Sergeant, and, availing himself of the privilege of his rank, he took up a position in the ride—but a wheel away from the slender form of the Second Lieutenant—who was silhouetted against the effulgent glare of his many-candle-powered acetylene lamp.

Fain would the non-com. have cut ahead of them all and have been left alone with his thoughts.

She—the incomparable Kitty Raynes—besides being the belle of the "Spick and Spanners'" Ball, was also the premier beauty of the Hampshire town that shall be called Listover. And had she not become the captive of the redoubtable Colour-Sergeant at that Ball? Had he not paraded her (yes, "paraded" is the word) in the High Street before all men? And had not all men (and women, too, for that matter) recognised her as the property of Colour-Sergeant Allan Maidstone?

To all these the affirmative is the correct answer. Yet that which the breach of promise reporters term a "certain strangeness" had sprung up between these two—and it had culminated at the "Spick and Spanners'" whist drive in nothing less than open flirtation on the part of Kitty.

The flirtation Allan could have stood. But that it was committed with a man who was named Brown—and decidedly looked it—was the last straw that cast the proverbial camel on to the desert sand in disgust.

Torn with the thoughts of the surprising aftermath that he had little expected would follow his curt monograph (on her conduct) to the fair Kathleen, Colour-Sergeant Maidstone rode on, mechanically echoing the nervous orders of the Second Lieutenant.

Yet, after all, he felt he could afford to be generous over the matter. . . . Brown's head ought to be punched, of course, if only for such unheard-of presumption on the part of a new recruit (and a stranger to Listover), who had sprung from heaven only knew where. . . . Still he (Maidstone) would let him off. It was a matter that at the finish rested with the girl, and—well, the good-looking Colour-Sergeant came to the conclusion—although he did not quite realise it himself, perhaps—that a girl who could prefer such an ordinary-looking kind of idiot as Brown could not have a great deal of intelligence. She had served her turn. She had made him the envied man at the Ball. . .

Colour-Sergeant Maidstone saw before himself a romantic period of the "lost-love" type. He would cultivate, if possible, a wan expression and think tender things in the twilight. . . Or should he roll around the town with a few of the company's best beer-shifters and purposely cross her path to show what she had driven him to?

He was undecided on these points when they reached the drill-hall and dismissed.

The Sergeant-Instructor did not add to Allan Maidstone's peace of mind.

"How are the new recruits shaping at Morris Tube?" asked Allan lightly. He was a young man who had the corps very much at heart.

"Oh, some of 'em are hopeless," said the Sergeant-Instructor, "but there's one of 'em 'oos shot before, *I* should say. Name of Brown, I think." He referred to his book. "Yes. Name of Brown."

* * * * * * *

Listover was a patriotic little spot—a town of Robertsian marksmen—and its annual Shooting Derby was an open event to which many of the county's best marksmen came, bearing with them evidence of birth or permanent residence in the county, which was the only qualification necessary.

With the approach of that event, Colour-Sergeant Maidstone had found it better for the sake of his nerve to select the cold-water type of blighted hopes. He would often pass the fair Kathleen in the High Street—sometimes with the objectionable Brown (who was actually the official cavalier now!)—and he would give her the faraway look which he had practised assiduously in the glass.

Yet, it had not seemed to make much impression. Her answering smile was always offensively cheery. Once he had stopped her in order to let "bygones be bygones." He found out incidentally just what he required to know—namely, that she was still interested in Territorial matters—even that she applauded the utterance of the Mayor who had historically observed at a Territorial recruiting rally that no damsel of Listover should have aught to do with any young man unless he was making himself efficient to defend his country.

"And Jack," she added pleasurably, "has pleased the Instructor very much with his shooting. They say he's got a small chance for the Derby."

"Oh, you think so?" said the Colour-Sergeant, lightly. "*I* won it last year, you know."

"Yes—but you had not much opposition, had you?"

The Colour-Sergeant flushed.

"Do you think that Brown——" he began, contemptuously; then he remembered himself—— "Will enter for it?" he added.

"Oh, yes; but he does not pretend to be so good as you. But if he got you on an off-day——"

Colour-Sergeant Maidstone forbore to point out that he had inspected the Company's best recruit's cards and beaten them all easily. Deeds, he decided, would be better than words.

She should see how far down the list the name of Private John Brown would be beneath that of Colour-Sergeant Allan Maidstone!

* * * * * * *

A turbulent crowd buzzed round the secretary of the local Association. Colour-Sergeant Maidstone was the last to make his entry.

"What do you think of it?" he asked casually, ere he left the office.

"H—m," said the secretary, "*I* think that the conditions of the competition are wrong. You see, if the King's Prize winner brought his birth certificate showing he was a Hampshire man he could enter for this, couldn't he?"

"What are you getting at?" asked the Colour-Sergeant, alarmed.

"Oh—simply between you and me, it's a walk-over for one man this year."

"Who's that?"

"Why, young Brown—Brown, late of the London Sharpshooters' Club. They say the man's an awful kidder. Delights in it. Probably he'll go and miss the first one or two shots on purpose, and then go and put on bulls for every one of the rest. 'Least, that's what they tell me."

Allan Maidstone did not stop to hear more.

He tore out into the street, fuming. The little beast was an impostor, then—a bad egg through and through! No wonder he had been vague about his antecedents. No wonder he had not troubled to supply Listover with his pedigree earlier than usual. . . . The Colour-Sergeant, rushing on, failed to note a somewhat huge coal-heaver walking in the opposite direction. That coal-heaver received him in his grimy waistcoat as a large rock receives a shadow. Then he stepped aside and Colour-Sergeant Maidstone found himself inspecting the pavement.

"'Urt y'rself?" said the coal-heaver, laconically.

"Right wrist," said Allan briefly.

"Sprained?" asked the coal-heaver, in the spirit of curiosity. "If so, it ain't any odds on you for the shootin' business."

It is said that flashes of inspiration are often things that have made history.

"Yes—badly, I fear," said the Colour-Sergeant, and nursing his wrist tenderly, walked off well simulating a most pained wince.

Returned home, it was the work of a moment to bandage his wrist, and that evening, in mufti again, he received the sympathy of Miss Kathleen Raynes in the High Street.

"No," he said, "there's no hope of me being able to shoot for three weeks or more, and the Derby's to-morrow."

"What hard luck!" echoed Mr. Brown.

Momentarily the Colour-Sergeant's right arm tensed. How he would have loved to give the little hypocrite a smashing right! With an effort he overcame the desire.

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" he said, and with gallant unhappiness raised his cap with his left hand and passed, injured-hero-like, on his way.

For the rest of the evening he had his moments; he made his little slips with that alleged sprain of his. But the worst direct comment he got was that it could not be so very bad—possibly only a week's job. Yet

the fair ones of Listover smiled at him, as he passed, with sympathetic interest. Truly there is no hero like the man with his arm in a silken sling!

The next morning he recovered sufficiently to go down to see the first rounds shot off at the two hundred.

His lost love was there, full of kind inquiries.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Jack had done tolerably well at the two hundred."

The Colour-Sergeant politely inquired his score to find that it was nothing epoch-making, a couple of points, in fact, below his own effort of the previous year.

He proceeded to curse himself for his cowardice—and then their crept into his brain the still, small voice of the secretary. Yes—that was comforting. "They say the man's an awful kidder. Delights in it. . . . "

It was not the Colour-Sergeant's good fortune to knock into the secretary until they began shooting from the six hundred. Brown and his fiancée were chatting, uncomfortably near, but he risked an observation.

"I see that the kidder's living up to his reputation, Mr. Secretary," he said.

"I beg your pardon?" said the secretary. stiffly.

The Colour-Sergeant repeated his remark. The secretary looked at him as at a maniac. Maidstone explained.

"The man Brown," he said. "You told me he was a kidder."

"O—oh!" The secretary laughed. "Why," he said, "of course he hasn't turned up. I wrote him. Told him I thought it would be unfair, and, of course, he saw it at once. Sent me a nice letter and a small cheque for our funds. He——"

"But there he *is*," the Colour-Sergeant cut in.

The secretary patted him on the shoulder.

"My dear fellow," he said, "get in out of the sun at once. *L. G. S.* Brown may be in London or in Hell at the present moment for all I know. But he isn't *here*."

"L. G. S.?" said the Colour-Sergeant weakly.

"Were you mixing him up with J.?" asked the secretary. "Ho—ho. What a joke!"

"Joke be damned!" said the Colour-Sergeant in loud tones. "The swine has—has got me down here to watch his shooting," he corrected himself in time.

Then he added heartily:

"I'd like to smash his stupid head for him—here and now!"

The very much *J.* Brown looked up.

"You couldn't," he observed, innocently, "with your wrist crocked like that."

FIXTURES.

The law of fixtures has brought grist to the mill of many a lawyer, and there is reason to suppose that a landlord is entitled to claim anything which has actually been nailed on to his wall, but such claims are not, of course, enforced except in special circumstances.

What generally worries the average man is how to fix such a thing as a bath-towel rail on the slender plaster of the wall. If he uses screws the rail comes out at the first pressure, and if he uses nails it is no better.

For this, and for many similar fixtures, the best thing is to cut two pieces of wood, about the size of a postcard, nail them on to the wall, and then screw the rail on to the wood.

This gives it a much firmer hold, as the pressure is distributed over a larger surface.

In the case of heavy things like mirrors, it is often best to fix them to the wall in such a way that they rest upon the mantelpiece.

This receives their weight, and very slight fixing, so far as the plaster is concerned, will be required.

SETTING UP SHOP

STRAIGHT TIPS FOR THOSE WHO CONTEMPLATE PURCHASING OR STARTING A BUSINESS.

It is obvious from the number of advertisements appearing in the newspapers referring to small businesses for sale or wanted, that the matter of shop-keeping in a small way is of interest to many people.

The soldier or the policeman retiring on a pension decides that by starting a small shop, or by purchasing a business already established, he will make sufficient money to enable him to live comfortably. Others who have been obliged to give up their trades because of ill-health, take to a modest form of shop-keeping as a means of livelihood, while others again are young men who regard shop-keeping as a fairly safe stepping-stone to more ambitious efforts in business.

There will always be money to be made in shop-keeping, because the things that the shop-keeper supplies are necessaries, and therefore the demand for them is constant, but success in shop-keeping is much harder to attain than is believed by the uninitiated.

CHANCES FOR THE AMATEUR.

One would not think of starting business as a grocer or as a butcher without having learnt the trade, but there are some lines which are managed almost wholly by amateurs.

The retail tobacco trade, the small confectionery line, and the newsagency business can be mentioned as three examples. In each of these three lines you find that a very large proportion of the shop-keepers are men who have not served any kind of apprenticeship to the trade, but who have merely picked it up.

In some cases they succeed owing to luck and pushfulness, but in many cases the novice finds that what he expected to be a comfortable living turns out to be only a bare one, and the reason is usually that he knows nothing about the trade which he has adopted.

It is highly advisable that anyone contemplating setting up a shop or purchasing a business should first become acquainted with the ropes by acting as assistant to some tradesman in the same line.

HOW TO GET EXPERIENCE.

It is by no means easy to obtain a position as an assistant if you demand a salary, and the best way is to follow the example of many of the German clerks who come to London, and who describe themselves as "volunteers"—that is to say, they work without any salary at all. Offer your services free of charge for three or six months to the owner of a shop conducting the type of business you select.

Only by spending a certain amount of time in learning the trade in a practical way can you become acquainted with the best and cheapest firms from whom to buy your stock, and the experience will also teach you how to deal diplomatically with your customers, what discount to expect from the wholesale houses, and so forth.

When your experience is sufficient, you may either start a business or buy one.

In the former case, be careful to rent a shop where there is a likelihood of plenty of trade. Near a school is a good place for a small confectioner, and near a railway station is a good pitch for a tobacconist or a newsagent.

It costs nothing to clean your shop window, both glass and woodwork, every morning with a mop and water, but it makes a world of difference to its attractiveness.

KEEPING EVERYTHING TIDY.

Every care should be taken that the shop is not allowed to become dusty. It is not always possible to cover up all the goods while the floor is being swept, therefore it is better to avoid sweeping entirely, and to clean the floor by washing it.

Where there is a living-room behind the shop, the door of it should be entirely hidden by means of a draught-screen or partition, for the customers do not want to have a peep of your domestic life when you come into the shop to serve them.

If, instead of building up a business, you decide to buy one, make certain that you are getting your money's worth. Books can be faked for the undoing of intending purchasers. It is best to make your own observations in a practical way by watching for half an hour the establishment you propose buying, and noting how many people go into it.

PRECAUTIONS TO BE OBSERVED.

If you are fairly well satisfied with your first observation, return and make others at different times of the day, so that you can see whether or not there is any particular hour when a rush of business occurs.

In taking over a shop from another man, look most carefully into the conditions of his agreement with the landlord, as otherwise you may find yourself liable for more in the way of repairs and other things than you bargained for.

Be wary also of book debts. As a general rule they are not worth much, and are mostly bad debts, for they have remained in the books only because the seller of the business has been unable to collect them.

If in the end you decide to purchase the business, get the man who is selling it to you to explain fully the peculiarities of his customers. Different districts have different tastes, and it is useless for you to change the type of stock all of a sudden; your object should rather be to improve it gradually, and always to keep none but the best quality.

GIVING CHANGE.

There are many little points in dealing with customers that you will have learned by experience, and it is unnecessary to cover that ground in detail, but there is one point that is worth mentioning, and that is the matter of change.

Every customer likes to feel certain that he is getting the right amount of change, but it is not every customer who cares to count it under the nose of the tradesman. You make things more pleasant and easy for the latter class by putting down the change in such a way that the customer can count it at a glance.

For instance, if he pays with half a sovereign for something that costs eightpence, it is best for you to lay down his nine-and-fourpence change in the form of two half-crowns beside each other, two florins, again beside each other, and then the fourpence.

This is a very small item, but these little things all tend to give an impression that you are trying to serve the public, and the shopman should never forget that he is a public servant.

L. S. ISAACS.

Life—and the Law.

BEING THE RECORD OF A MORNING IN POLICE-COURTS.

Being a journalist whose business it is to deal with the "copy" of reporters, there passes through my hands every day many reports of police-court cases.

I have always been struck with the stodginess of them, and when I have pointed this out—quite dulcetly, of course—the reply has generally been the same, "Try a year of it on end, morning after morning, old man, and see whether you don't become mentally muscle-bound."

So I had a 'busman's holiday the other day. More accurately, I spent some hours hearing cases in place of reading them.

I have a friend who believes that police-court cases should be brightly written. "Give 'em humour," he says. "If Mary Jones, wife of John Jones, has a black eye, why not see the joke in that, and describe her wittily?" God forgive him and give him to understand!

Wit! Humour!! Poke fun at the poor devils who appear in the police-court dock!!! For my own part I felt fit to cry over the pitiful stories on which for a moment the limelight of publicity was cast.

What both Bench and reporters want is a large heart, a sense of charity, and wide knowledge of men and women.

DOMESTIC STRIFE.

Take the first case. A man was placed in the dock; a respectable working-man. His lips twitched, his hands trembled. He was ashamed. His wife appears with a discoloured eye. He had struck her. No, she had said nothing at all—hardly. Yes, there had been a word or two. Sober, he was a good man, but drunk—she began to cry.

Prisoner made a statement. His wife came home a bit tipsy one night and jawed him. He went out and she followed—still jawing. And next morning she rose and proceeded to jaw again. He admitted it was not a brave thing to hit a woman, but he was provoked terribly.

While the woman was giving evidence she was the meekest person on earth. But now she contradicts her husband and her voice is no longer soft. It is harsh, strident, vicious. It is perfectly clear that the man in the dock was goaded beyond endurance by the unending sound of that voice, so he hit her.

WHAT WILL FOLLOW?

He was sorry a moment later: he is sorry now. He does not want to tell the whole story, to lay bare publicly the unhappiness of his home. One can read it all. He goes down for seven days. A wise Bench would have said, "Go home and behave. And tell one another how sorry you are." And good would probably have come of that. But what *is* to happen now?

* * * * * * *

Case two: A girl of nineteen has stolen £4 from her mistress, two rings, and a brooch. She came upon the money by accident, was tempted and fell. She seized the rings and the brooch, went off, and spent three days hating herself. Then she went back, and was handed over to the police.

The mistress says she was a good servant, honest, hard-working, clean.

The girl admits the offence, hands back—has handed back—the rings, the brooch, and £3 odd. She is an orphan. She has no relatives who care a rap about her. She has had her lesson. Let her off and she will never do the like again.

The Bench eye her where she stands crying, shrinking from the gaze of the curious. Then the elderly justices confer.

And the Chairman, who is a pillar of a Nonconformist Church and an example to all, speaks harshly. "A bad offence . . . can't have this sort of thing . . . sorry to see girl in your position . . . respectable girl . . . three months' hard labour.

Three months! She will appear in the world of men again a broken woman. What will become of her? A little mercy, a little charity, a touch of common-sense, would have saved her. Now—!

STARTING HER NEW LIFE.

A wave of fierce anger swept over me as she reeled where she stood. A kindly sergeant of police helped her from the dock, and blindly she went off—to Hell, except she has great good fortune.

* * * * * * *

Case three: Two women quarrelled—neighbours. Deal of hard swearing on each side.

The case is of no importance, but the Chairman sees an opportunity for cracking jokes. He keeps an eye on the reporters all the time. Most of the jokes are at the expense of the women and are very ill-timed.

I curse him for a fool, and worse, and go to another court.

* * * * * * *

Case four: Young lad has stolen a silver watch from a friend's house and has worn it for several days.

"I was alone in the house," he stammers. His lips are dry. His eyes like those of a dumb animal. "It seemed to cry to me—and I took it. Afterwards, I didn't know what to do."

The Chairman is a wise man, big-hearted, far-seeing.

"Is it true you are studying for the Civil Service?"—"Yes, sir."

"Well, a conviction would ruin you, most likely, for good and all. Now, let this be a lesson to you. You are fashioned for better things. With your head and your eyes you may do useful work. Will you promise to try?"—"Yes, sir."

THE MEN NEEDED.

"Very good. I shall be glad to hear of your success."

So you see there are men of understanding who know that true justice does not consist of dealing out the proper legal punishment. We want more of them.

Some of my readers, perhaps, have a say in the choice of justices. Will they try to choose men who shall do their best to avoid *making* criminals? I believe I saw two made in one morning.

Maybe some would have seen humour in the cases I have noted. I did not see it. I found them unspeakably tragic.

C. ANDERSON.

HOW MEN MAKE FRIENDS.

SOME TYPICAL CONVERSATIONS.

"Hullo, old chap. What's the matter? Winded, eh? Well, perhaps you didn't train enough for a long run like this. Here, have a pull at this flask. It'll buck you up." . . . "Thanks awfully, old chap. You're a good sort." . . . "Rot, man. Don't talk——" "I say, I live at——. Will you come and look me up any time you like?"

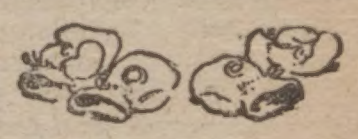
* * *

"You'll excuse me, sir, but you look rather worried. Money, I suppose. Well, I haven't known you long, but I think I know an honest man when I see one. Can I lend you some?" . . . "By jove, it's tremendously good of you, but I couldn't think——" . . . "Nonsense, my dear sir, I know you'll pay me back. Here you are." . . . "Thanks, old chap. You've done me a better turn than I can tell you. I won't forget it." . . .

* * *

"Look here, you know, I'm not going to stand that remark you made about me. Come outside." . . . "All right, I'm not afraid of you." . . . (Coats taken off. Biff! Whack! Slosh! Bang!) "Look here. Chuck it! I'm not going to hit you any more. You've taken your punishment like a white man. But still, you *did* say that! WHAT? *You didn't say it?* My dear old chap, I'm an awful pig. Will you shake? Good boy! Come and have a drink!"

BOXING MAXIMS.



A good big 'un is better than a good little 'un, but a clever little 'un is better than a raw big 'un any day of the week.

* * *

If the other man is bigger than you, don't mix em. Keep him from hitting you, and worry him until he's tired out. Then go in and win.

* * *

Footwork and headwork are better than bulging muscle.

* * *

Rushing tactics are no good unless you are fighting an inexperienced man.

* * *

A good second is worth five rounds in twenty.

* * *

Right-hand swings are very paying—but don't neglect a good straight left.

If a foul fighter gets your head in chancery, slam away at his kidneys as hard as you can go.

* * *

Keep your guard *up*. A low crouch with a low guard looks very forbidding, but it is very bad boxing.

* * *

Remember to get on first. A good hard punch will take a lot of the cleverness out of your opponent.

* * *

Always fight fair.

* * *

The best practice for a boxing contest is actual sparring. Ball-punching is nowhere equal to practising with another man, even though he is not a clever boxer.

H. F. MCKINLEY.

"BADMINTING"

A SKETCH.

By F. N. CROKER.

I am a *nut!* I make the statement fearing no contradiction in printer's ink. I am *le dernier cri* and the *bon ton*, and all that sort of thing that you will find at the end of every good dictionary under "Foreign expressions frequently used." I will not beat about the bush by leading you on to imagine that I have steered the winner of a great race to victory. I have not been out with a barmaid, nor discovered a fresh joke about Mr. Gray's wonderful billiards.

It is this. I have been admitted to a Badminton Club! The lady secretary has got me down in the book as a "playing member," and the treasurer awaits my subscription.

It is because you may not know of all the wondrous things that attach to most of the exclusive Badminton Clubs in England that I hasten to advise you to join your local club. The man who has not experienced the feeling of walking through the town in the driving rain muffled up in a fleecy ulster, yet wearing white flannel "bags," has yet to live.

People watch you aghast. Should they put aside the first thought that springs to their minds—namely, that you are qualifying for the proverbial Colney Hatch—they murmur in tones of awe, "He's a member of the Badminton Club, of course!"

And then you know what it is to feel as exclusive as one of New York's Four Hundred. You are, in point of fact, *the* biggest thing in snobs.

Perhaps it is in a man's correspondence, could it all be collected, that the precise record of his life is best read. It is more than probable that in the given circumstances set out below in the type that leans to the right I shall reply after the style immediately below it. (*I* am Mr. Augustus Garden-Smith.)

The Secretary of the English International Football Team has written Mr. Augustus Garden-Smith asking him to play in the match against Scotland.

Reply.

Mr. Augustus Garden-Smith is obliged to the Secretary of the English International Football Team for his letter. He has heard, however, that many fellows of the baser sort participate in the game of football. As Mr. A. G.-S. plays Badminton only (with the Best People) he must refuse the Secretary's invitation.

* * * * * * *

A man who owns a house that Mr. Augustus Garden-Smith purposes taking writes asking for references as to posilion, &c.

Reply.

Dear Sir,

In answer to yours to hand, I am a member of the Snobtown Badminton Club.

AUGUSTUS GARDEN-SMITH.

* * * * * * *

A London universal-providing business house objects to sending Mr. Augustus Garden-Smith a fur-lined coat, catalogued at 100 guineas, on approval.

Reply.

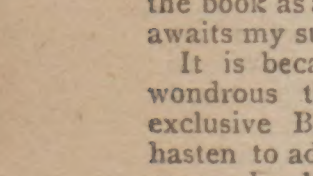
The Club House,
Snobtown Badminton Club,
Snobtown.

Mr. Augustus Garden-Smith is surprised at Messrs. Pin and Locomotive's letter. However, he will dispense with the fur coat. He encloses 6s. 6d., and will be obliged if Messrs. Pin and Locomotive's Sports Department will forward him a Badminton Racquet.

(*Result.* The fur coat and the Badminton racquet arrive in the same parcel, together with a letter of abject apology.)

* * * * * * *

The Secretary of the Snobtown Lawn Tennis Club (to which low organisation Mr. Augustus



Garden-Smith belonged formerly) writes giving notice of the Annual General Meeting and asking Mr. A. G.-S.'s attendance.

Reply.

Dear Jones,

I am not contemplating rejoining your little club next year.

Yours, &c.,

AUGUSTUS GARDEN-SMITH.

P.S.—I play Badminton now.

* * * * * * *

Lady Verry de Vere of a distant district sends an invitation to Mr. Augustus Garden-Smith for her son's coming-of-age celebrations at Swankington Hall.

Reply.

Dear Lady de Vere,

Is your son a member of his local (or any) Badminton Club? I should feel my social position safer in accepting your kind invitation if you could reply in the affirmative.

Believe me, dear Lady de Vere, &c.,

AUGUSTUS GARDEN-SMITH.

* * * * * * *

The Prime Minister writes suggesting that Mr. Augustus Garden-Smith shall stand for Snobtown in the Liberal interest.

Reply.

Dear Asquith,

Much as I appreciate the kindly thought that made you imagine I should like to stand in your Party's interest for Snobtown, I find on making due inquiry that the Conservatives boast a bigger percentage of Badminton men, wherefore I am contemplating the acceptance of an invitation, similar to your own, from Mr. Balfour, although the fact that he is merely a golfer leaves me somewhat in doubt.

Yours very faithfully,

AUGUSTUS GARDEN-SMITH.

P.S.—If you will guarantee (pardon, I forgot how you must hate this word!) that the House of Lords shall be turned into a Parliamentary Badminton Court after you have banished the Peers to their backwoods for ever, I might reconsider your proposal.

Page 12, columns 2 and 3.
Page 13, bottom half.

These are the most important parts of the paper this week.

YOUR FORTUNE WHILE YOU WAIT.

SOME ENTIRELY UNRELIABLE ADVICE

It has for some time been the vogue wi a good many of our contemporaries to emplo "experts" to judge their readers' characte from their handwriting, and so on; and recent development is the publication by well-known weekly of a "Book of Fate."

Ever loth to be behindhand in anythin THE MODERN MAN proposes to go one st further towards the goal of Folly, and th is what we are doing.

Readers who wish to know on what da their wives will run away from them, or anything cheery of that kind, and who wa us to gaze into their futures, should plun their right hands, *palm downwards*, into pot of strawberry jam, make an "impressio on a sheet of white paper, and send it to us.

We will do the rest.

Our expert, Professor Balmy, here giv the horoscopes of some readers who already sent in their "jam-prints."

NAUGHTY NATHANIEL: You are a gay do Nat, my boy. Your "print" tells me th you will form the fortuitous acquaintance of dark beauty, with lustrous black eyes and rich red complexion (removable). She wi after "borrowing" half a sovereign (or much more as you can "spring") for c fares, make an appointment under the clo at Charing Cross Station. But you will lo for her in vain. In fact, if you take tip, you won't bother to go.

GRIMY GRISELDA: A certain amount yo mud, Griselda, mingled with the jam on "hand chart" tells me that you have a co stitutional objection to the use of soap. flavour of juniper seed on the paper, suggests that you are addicted to the bev age which mother sometimes takes when fat is out. One of these days you will be on "black list"—if you do not grace it at prese

D—D LL—D G—GE: We suppress your f name at your own request. There is a sm feather (from a portion of a fowl) adhering the conserve on your paper. This tells us you have been busy in the hen-roosts late Take my advice, and hold on to your sal as long as possible.

ARTHUR B—LF—R: Though there are th who declare that you are a poor leader, n can deny your prowess in driving (from tee). If you don't look out, one of th days, you will be a tee-totaller.

FLAPPING FELICIA (Norwood): A ling ing perfume on your paper, and the count foil of an upper-circle ticket for "Our M Gibbs" adhering to it, tells us that you a young lady with a taste for stage heroes. Your "print" shows the spatulate finger of the typist; but you sigh for the boa of the stage rather than the key-boards.

HOPEFUL HERBERT: Traces of snuff your paper tell us that you are no lon young. The blurred condition of your jam outline shows that your hand is shaky. nerves are not at ease. You are either bachelor or a widower. You will ma again.

MARMADUKE (Maiden Lane): There some cigarette ash on your "print" wh on analysis, proves to be that of a "wo bine." You are an actor. One of th days you will get an engagement to mak noise like a Brussels sprout behind the sc in a suburban pantomime—and you will hugely indignant because the "Times" not print a leader about it.

J. GORDON-HOO

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE QUIET END

By R. D. CROMBIE.

The day her sister's engagement to Reginald Hammond was announced in "The Times," Mrs. Englehart, who had been chaperoning her for the season, knew that there was one man whom the news would hit hard, alike for its suddenness as its unexpectedness.

She wondered how he would take it—wondered, not doubtfully, but with a sort of pleased interest.

She was serene in her certitude that she understood Robert Lective well. Quiet and undemonstrative, whether in Parliamentary debate or his private social life, he was of the type which masks its feelings rather in obedience to instinct than by exercise of deliberate intention.

She mused upon the possibility of his calling to express congratulations in person, instead of by letter, which would be the easier course, and decided that he would come.

"He will," she reflected, "desire to assure himself in her presence that he can accept the situation—without showing that he cares."

So she sent her sister to drive alone in the park that afternoon; and towards four o'clock he called.

"You good boy!" she said, as soon as they were alone.

To a susceptible man her tone would have conveyed many things. Appreciation of his courage, sympathy if he needed it, genuine affection at all times. But it was questionable whether Robert Lective was an impressionable man.

He took the chair she motioned to, and gazed steadily at her with his quiet, inscrutable eyes.

"I was surprised," he said, and somehow the simple statement was more poignant than any emotion.

"You could not have been more astonished than I," she admitted. "Even now I am uncertain whether to be angry with her for his impetuosity—or delighted that she is so happy. She *is* very happy, you know," she confided gently.

"Yes," he said. "Who is this Reginald Hammond."

There was a downrightness about his manner which was not easy to evade.

"It is a boy and girl intimacy revived," she frankly explained. "The Hammonds were neighbours at home, you know; are now, in fact. Reggie and she—but whoever would have thought there was anything in it! She hadn't seen him for three or four years. He caught the wander fever when quite a boy, and since then has been goodness only knows where!"

"Was Reginald Hammond writing to her?"

"Occasionally, I believe. But every girl has someone she writes to."

"Was there an understanding between them?"

She hesitated slightly.

"There might have been. But if so, it was a secret one. . . . I really don't know; I hardly think so." She seemed to be endeavouring to absolve her sister from a possible accusation of heartlessness. "Shall you ask her?" she inquired.

"No," he said.

And for a moment Mrs. Englehart's grey eyes brightened—conceivably with relief.

"I feel sure there wasn't," she continued confidently. "But a week ago he returned, and, in a way, must have carried her off her feet. She did not consult me. She just consented, coming away from the Bletsoes' on Monday night, that Reggie had proposed during the last waltz, and she had accepted him. She was half in tears and half laughing with delight . . . such a child . . . it was impossible to reproach her."

"Yes," he said, and he gazed slowly round the room, as though only now he had become aware of it.

"I don't think she quite understood," said Mrs. Englehart gently.

"No," he said.

"Often I used those very words to you—'She is such a child!' I feel that I ——" Her voice faltered.

"If you are blaming yourself," said Lective, "it is undeserved. I admit I needed the reminder sometimes. It usually came, too, when I——"

He paused, and proceeded in the same tone: "But I thought it was safe to wait."

"So did I," she said quickly; "otherwise——"

"Of course," he said. And a thrill of satisfaction ran through her.

"You must forgive her," she pleaded. "Girls are so ruthless—unintentionally."

"I only wish," he said, gazing past her through the window, "one thing. I wish I had asked her and made sure. I suppose it is natural."

"Even if you had," she suggested dubiously.

"I should not have minded the refusal so much," he said.

So it was his pride that was hurt! Her knowledge of men told her that he might forgive all but that which humiliated him.

For a space there was silence.

"I shall miss her," sighed Mrs. Englehart. "She has been with me so long now. I had hoped to keep her with me altogether. . . ."

Somehow the pause drew attention to the fact that she was a widow—suffering loneliness sometimes.

"However," she added, with a show of resolute cheerfulness, "I am glad—glad for her sake. I pray only that she will be as happy as she believes she will be."

"Yes," he agreed indifferently. "I hope so, too. Perhaps you will kindly acquaint her with as much."

He rose to his feet.

"Won't you wait and see her before you go?" she begged.

"No, thanks—if you will excuse me. I have an appointment."

His complete absence of feeling stirred her against her will. She stood up impulsively.

"Robert!" she exclaimed. "I am sorry, really. What are you going to do?"

"Do? Nothing."

"You will go on—exactly in the same way?"

"Why not?"

"Then at least," she faced him, her hands behind her back; "I am not to lose you?"

"I see no reason," said Lective, calmly, "why our friendship should suffer any change."

He took his leave, and she stayed motionless for a while, thinking over his final remark.

Was it merely conventional courtesy, or might it be that he intended it as a statement of unalterable fact? For all her faith in her own insight, he occasionally puzzled her.

"Strange," she reflected; "the predilection of strong men to fall in love with unsophisticated girls! . . . One comfort, they never do it twice!"

A few months after the wedding it so happened that Robert Lective met Emily accidentally at Mrs. Englehart's house.

He had gone to dinner, and learned on arriving that the other guests invited had not come, hence he and Mrs. Englehart dined *tête-a-tête*. He never appeared to notice how inconsiderate her friends had been recently.

They were in the drawing-room when Emily hurried in—an explanatory gust!

She couldn't stay, she and Reggie were on a flying visit to town; they were just off to the theatre.

Mrs. Englehart, her eyes restless, answered in monosyllables. She had caught the expression on Lective's face when Emily entered, and the momentary tightening up of his body. And she realised then, if she had never realised it before, that he was an essential to her happiness.

Mrs. Englehart, returning from bidding her sister good-night at the door, found him still on his feet.

He watched her steadily as she closed the door and came forward, and suddenly she stopped and threw back her head a little.

"I didn't know she was coming," she said.

"No," he said, neither agreeing nor doubting, and she could have bitten her tongue for its indiscretion.

With an impatient movement she sat down at the piano. Lective walked out on to the balcony.

Then, softly, her slender, sensitive hands passed up and down the keys, rippling out the tender melody of a Chopin nocturne.

But she could not go on with it. She changed abruptly to livelier music, an air with a forced abandon in it, a touch of desperation.

What was she playing? Chaminade's "Pierrette"!

With a laugh in her throat she ceased.

He was leaning against the verandah, resting on his folded arms.

"Are you quite comfortable?" she inquired, unable to rid her voice of all tinge of irony.

"Quite," he answered. "Have you finished playing?"

"I am not in the mood. Let us talk."

She sank into a chair, and he drew one forward from out of the shadow and sat half facing her. A peculiar deliberateness characterised his movements.

"Emily is radiantly content," she hazarded.

"Yes."

"I am more than pleased, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am pleased."

"Odd how marriage brightens and freshens some and seems to wilt others." She uttered a rueful laugh. "I was as blithe as she once. And as hopeful. But now. . . ."

She tacked instinctively.

"At least *she* has made no mistake," she said, and the inference was that it would be ungenerous to desire otherwise.

"True," said Lective, very quietly and distinctly; "and I hope to God you haven't!"

In Mrs. Englehart's soul a tiny voice in a vast vault of despair was quiveringly asking how men could be so cruel and not care.

Robert Lective got to his feet.

"I will go," he said. "Good-night."

"Good-bye," she whispered.

"Good-bye."

WILL YOU BUMBLE?

SOME HARMLESS FORMS OF TOSSING.

While tossing for money is objectionable, tossing for money's worth in the shape of drinks or cigars round is another matter.

Indeed, when several men get together it is far better to toss for drinks or smokes and have done with it, than to allow one man to stand treat, with the result that everybody else feels compelled to stand his round also, and instead of one or two drinks you end by having five or six.

There are many ways of tossing. There is, of course, odd man out, where everybody lays down a coin, and the one who alone has a head or a tail is relieved from further liability until only two are left to toss head or tail in the usual manner.

Another plan is for one of the party to take a newspaper and to drive a pin through any letter he sees there, of course, concealing the letter from his companions. Another of the party, starting anywhere he likes in the alphabet apportions the letters of the alphabet in sequence to the rest until at last someone gets the letter pinned through in the paper.

For example, suppose the pin is driven through letter P, and the teller-off starts the alphabet in a party of seven with R. He himself is R, his right-hand neighbour is S, his right-hand neighbour again T, and so on until you come round to the unlucky mortal who is P.

"Bumble Puppy" is another amusing variant on ordinary tossing. One of the "gamblers" thinks of any word he likes. He keeps the word secret, but announces how many letters there are in it. Another man then gives to himself and each of the others a letter of the word. Of course, not knowing the word, he cannot give the letter by name but only by number. When the word is disclosed the man who has the letter furthest from A loses.

For example, I say that I have a word of eleven letters. There are five of us and B, acting for the rest, apportions the letters as follows:

To himself No. 1 letter.
To C No. 4 letter.
To D No. 11 letter.
To E No. 2 letter.
To me No. 7 letter.

Or each player may choose a letter for himself, one being allotted to me because I know the word and naturally therefore it would be absurd to let me choose my own letter.

However, one way or another, the letters of my secret word, as known by their numbers, are allotted as above. I then announce my word of eleven letters, which is "Extravagant."

B has got No. 1 letter, *i.e.*, E.
C has got No. 4 letter, *i.e.*, R.
D has got No. 11 letter, *i.e.*, T.
E has got No. 2 letter, *i.e.*, X.
I have got No. 7 letter, *i.e.*, A.

E with X is furthest away from A in the alphabet, and therefore he is the loser, and for once in a way I am not "stuck."

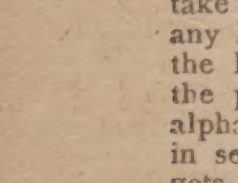
I remember one dear old simpleton on whom we used to play this nefarious game.

"Hullo, Toddles," one of us would say, "will you bumble. Right! I've got a word of six letters. I'll take the first and give you the last. The word's 'donkey' and you're stuck."

And poor old Toddles never could understand why he always lost!

Odd or even is a simple form of tossing where two are concerned. I don't mean simply chucking a penny in the air, but the more prolonged agony of one of you producing all the coins you have, covering them with your hand and inviting the other to guess whether their total number is odd or even.

C. G. BULKSLEY.



A MAN OF MANY PARTS.

THE ATHLETIC TRAINER

A really good athletic trainer is worth his weight in gold, for he must be a man of many parts.

He must, for example, himself be an athlete, able to "extend" his charge at, say, boxing, or to keep up with him on hard training walks, and at other exercises.

He must have a wide knowledge of the "game," whatever it may be, so that he can give his man sound advice and put him up to all the likely tricks of the opposition where it is a man to man contest.

His last words to the athlete are quite as important as the racing trainer's final instructions to a jockey. It is for him to say how a battle shall be fought, or a race run, and rightly to advise he must know every move on the board.

STRENGTH.

He must be a man of strong character, for he has to control men, and often in most difficult circumstances. Some men do not take kindly to training. In the case of a football team, there are usually one or two men who won't fall into training line with the rest. They are often "stars" who think they can presume on their position, but the trainer who knows his business will stand no nonsense from them.

It follows, too, that he must be tactful. Some men need driving, others want the curb, and he must know when to apply the spur, when to check. He must be a patient man, for athletes are often as full of fads, fancies, and foibles as a neurotic woman.

The idea that because a man is a great athlete he never suffers from "nerves" is a mistake. Many famous athletes are as "jumpy" as kittens, and need no end of humouring.

Jack Johnson was quite recently suffering from nervous prostration, and great skill at any sport or game is not incompatible with, but rather accompanies, a high-strung temperament.

TACT.

Unless training is most skilfully conducted, there nearly always comes a time when the man rebels under it. He is "fed up," and it is the trainer's delicate business to nurse him through his bad time.

He must, of course, be a master of his art, and this calls for great experience and knowledge of athletic humanity. Every man must be trained according to his individuality. Under the same training, of two men one will thrive and the other man either go fat, or fall away to nothing. The trainer must know just what his man can stand, and the shortest route to getting him to the post fit as possible.

This is no easy task. Indeed the trainer is always haunted by the fear of either over-training his charge, so that he goes "stale," or of under-training him. The former is far the greater danger, and it takes a very practical eye indeed to see just when a man needs an "easy."

JUDGMENT.

Some men look fine-drawn when really they can do with a lot more work, while, on the other hand, some men look fat when what they need is rest.

It may be remembered that for a time Barry, the sculler, gave his trainer much anxiety owing to the rapidity with which he took off weight, and when training a single man the trainer is kept in a constant state of nervousness about his man's weight. This is more especially the case in boxing, where a man has to make a certain weight on the night of the contest.

When a trainer has several men in hand, as in the case of a football team, then his worries are proportionately increased.

He has not one, but eleven or more complex natures and mechanisms to deal with. Jones grumbles because Brown is given less work than he is, or is permitted liberties denied to him.

It is often his painful duty to report a man as unfit to play when the sportsman in question is as keen as mustard and confident that he is sound.

SKILL.

In this connection the trainer must have considerable anatomical knowledge. He must be competent to deal with all sorts of minor injuries, sprains, blisters, sand-cracks, bruises, and so on that do not actually call for surgical or medical treatment, and he must be able to render "first aid" in the case of more serious accidents.

He should be a first-rate masseur, and more than a bit of a sorcerer in regard to ointments, and the getting of the muscles into the finest possible condition for the particular work they have to do.

He must further be a sociable chap. It is true that some famous trainers have been men of dour and grim exterior. But that was only on the surface. They were jovial pessimists, and they saw to it that their men were kept well amused.

The trainer, as a rule, however, is a man of social accomplishments, he can sing a song, play a game of cards, or wield a cue, and he knows when a chap wants "buck up," and when he needs to be repressed.

SELF-CONTROL

I need hardly say that the trainer must himself be a clean-living man, and have perfect self-control. The athlete has the thought of victory and reward to keep him straight, but the trainer is usually *hors concours*—past the competition age—it wouldn't matter much at all, if he took an extra glass of beer or smoked an occasional pipe, but for the sake of example he has to deny himself a great many creature comforts.

He must be a bit of a stoic. The man he thought was a swan turns out a goose. His charge kicks over the traces and the patient labour of weeks is undone.

Athletes for all their seeming strength are often far more susceptible to minor ills, such as colds, than ordinary men, and a cold wind or draught may wreck all the trainer's hopes.

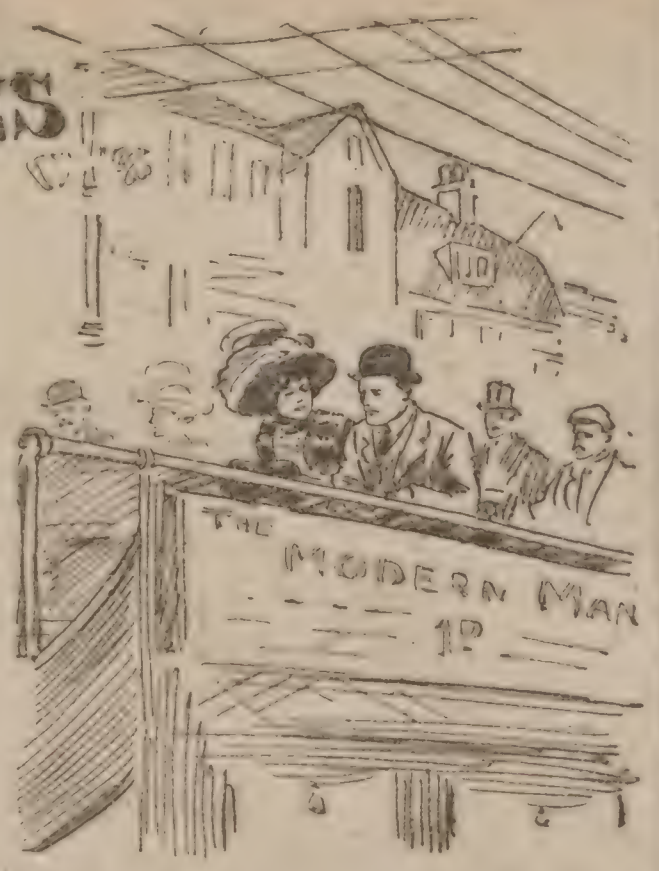
The athlete's trainer is in a difficult position. He is both servant and master—at least in this country, for in America the trainer is an absolute autocrat.

J. G. HAYWARD.

THROUGH OTHER EYES

A SKETCH.

By E. HAMILTON EDDING.



"Now, there's no need for you to be nervous, George," said Miss Perkins, as she took her seat beside her despondent cavalier who leaned disconsolately over the tram-car's posterised side.

George looked up. "I ain't," he said. "Now don't harp on the subject any longer."

"The subject indeed!" said Miss Perkins, bridling up in a way worthy of her mother (who had effectually sat on Mr. P. since the first hour of their wedded life). "You ain't goin' to refer to me as a subject, are you?"

"Dearest," said George, "you know better than that, surely!"

The Acton tram bumped on on its springs for some distance before Miss Perkins spoke again.

She had been regarding her lover with some criticism for several minutes past.

"Mind you," she said after a pause, "Mother's no snob, dear, nor a one for outside appearances. It ain't the coat that makes the man—but if you'd have put on your best blue instead of this pepper-and-salt suit of yours, don't you think it would have been better?"

"You always said you liked this suit, Peggy."

"Yes, I know—but I'm looking at it now through mother's eyes. She's old fashioned is Ma. And you must admit that those yellow line-squares make it look a bit 'fancy'—a little dandyfied. 'Peggy,' my mother always says to me, 'don't you be pickin' up with a dandy. They ain't no use to good girls.' Now, in your blue you look *quite* the gentleman."

"Do you mean to say that I don't in this? Peggy, I shall get down at the next stopping place. And if it's any satisfaction to you to know that you've wrecked lovely Woman in my eyes for ever—well you—ah—have it!"

"You're wrong dear. I don't mean that. You know I don't. But the blue is more like a married man——"

"But I ain't a married man yet!" (This grimly.)

"You said that it ain't the coat what makes the man. I remember, too, you chose this very pattern yourself. When I brought all the pieces to you you chose it though it *was* a bit more 'fancy' as you call it, than the others."

"But it was different then. . . . Millie was always boasting what a toff her boy looked on Sundays. I thought that you, being superior in real looks and more of a man in yourself, dear, *I* thought, you see, that this would rather take her eyes out."

"Pooh! Hang Millie Lane!" said George, decidedly. "So I've been looking a guy in your eyes have I, just to take the shine out of that fop of a Millie Lane's young man?"

"A guy? Don't be stupid. You know you look nothing of the sort. Do you think I'd be seen with you if you did? No, you are a *man*, George. I will say that for you."

"Ho!" said George, still adamant, but a little mollified.

"Anyway," said Miss Perkins meekly; "you must excuse your Peggy. Perhaps, poor little thing, she *is* over anxious that you should please her Ma. But isn't that natural?"

George squeezed her hand in reply. "That's all right," he said. "I'll bet your mother doesn't notice anything about clothes at all. Women don't when they're her age."

"*Her* age? Oh, George, how can you talk so disrespectful. My mother was married very young. She's only thirty-eight now ——"

"Well, old ladies of forty——" began George, good temperedly.

"In twenty-three years *I* shall be forty," said Miss Perkins, tearfully, "I suppose you will treat me as an old woman then. And no notice will be taken of me at all!"

She relapsed into silence.

"There, don't you carry on," said George after a pause. "You know I shall always love you; 'As your hair grows whiter,'" he added sentimentally, "'I shall love thee more!'"

At the mention of the word "hair" Miss Perkins looked fixedly at her cavalier.

"If you'd had a trim up on the sides a bit . . ." she began, nervously.

"What's wrong *now*?" said George. "I remember you said you didn't like me to look as if I'd been cropped in Dartmoor. . . . Since when," he added, bitterly; "it's always cost me a tanner for my hair-cuts in swanky West-End shops. *And* twopence to the man. . . . Well, look here, Peggy. It's plain you don't think me a fit person to introduce to your mother——"

At that moment Miss Perkins jumped up from her seat and waved her umbrella enthusiastically.

"There's Ma come to meet us!" she beamed. "Come along, George. Don't be like a bear with a sore head. You know you're just the best boy in the world."

Below, George shook hands nervously with a pleasant prospective mother-in-law.

"I've come just like this from the City," he said; "so I hope you'll excuse my appearance, Mrs. Perkins."

"My dear boy, of *course*!" said that lady. "I must say I like a young man who shows himself as himself. Now some would have gone as far as to put on their best Sunday suits—and silly things like that."

FINGER NAILS.

The office worker has little excuse for having dirty finger nails, and even the manual worker can keep them clean when the day's toil is over.

Hot water is necessary, for even soap and a good nail brush will not remove the dirt if cold water is used.

At the root of the nails there are two cuticles. One is hard and dry, and lies close to the nail, and it should be scraped off with a blunt instrument whenever it appears, but the other is part of the skin of the fingers, and it should never on any account be cut, but should be pressed gently back.

TWO THINGS THE BOXING REFEREE LOOKS FOR.

"PULLING ON" TO A PUNCH: This is a very popular trick with "clever" professional fighters, and is done as follows. Lead out with your left at your adversary's head (or pretend to) but instead of hitting him, let your hand slip past his right ear. Then with a lightning action, place your glove behind his neck, pull his head forward, and simultaneously jab at his jaw with your right.

HOLDING WHILE PRETENDING TO BE HELD: This is done when the "crook" fighter wants to stop the other man from using his right. He slips his left under his adversary's arm-pit and holds it slightly outwards and with the muscles stiff and tense. In this way the "victim" appears to be holding with his right, whereas in reality the other man is the offender. This is not so bad a foul as the foregoing, but nevertheless when they detect it (which is not often, by the way) referees drop on it very heavily.

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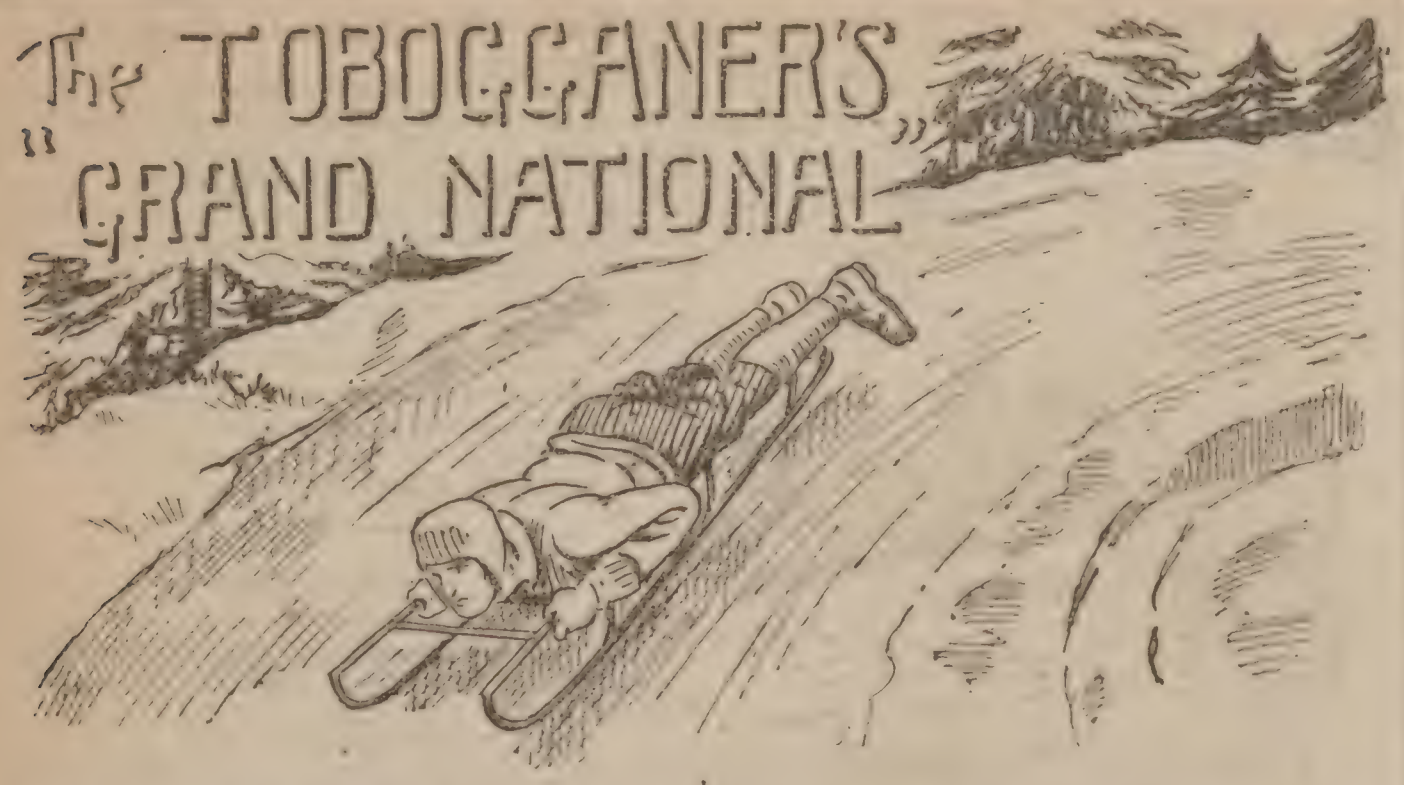


THE GREAT RACE ON THE CRESTA RUN.

In our uncertain climate tobogganing (or sledging, or coasting, as we often call it) is rarely practicable for more than a day or two at a time, and to the well-to-do British sportsman Switzerland is the home of tobogganing.

The two great events in the tobogganer's calendar are the International race at Davos Platz, and the Grand National at St. Moritz, in the Upper Engadine.

The International is a fine contest, but second in popular estimation to the Grand National, for the latter is held over the famous Cresta Run, without exception the most difficult and dangerous toboggan course in the world, and the man who wins the Grand National needs no testimonial to his pluck, stamina, and superlative tobogganing skill.

No wonder then that it attracts daring sportsmen from every quarter, and ranks among the world's greatest sporting events.

The Grand National is open to all and to any type of toboggan, provided that no mechanical steering or brake gear is used.

THE TOBOGGAN USED.

The machine most used is the "skeleton," which consists of a counterboard placed on steel spring runners.

Competitors may ride in any position they like, but the prone, head-foremost style has been proved to be easily the best, as offering the least wind resistance and giving the rider the most control over his "steed."

The Cresta Run is just three-quarters of a mile long, with a drop of 600 feet from top to bottom. The slope, however, is not constant; it is precipitous here, gentle there, a fact which adds greatly to the tobogganer's difficulties.

Then the course is not straight like the toboggan chutes in America and Canada. It is crooked, wickedly crooked, interspersed with hair-raising leaps and terrifying turns. And remember, it is practically a sheet of ice.

While it follows the same route each year, it is an artificial course, constructed afresh every winter.

HOW THE COURSE IS MADE.

When the snow lies thick the course is roughly staked out and then gangs of men go out and laboriously stamp down the snow on the course. Later every hole or crevice in the course is filled up with snow and the whole beaten hard and smooth as a brick with great wooden shovels. Finally water is sprayed over the track and the frost makes it into a great slide.

Meanwhile the engineer has been banking up the corners just as the corners of a cycle track are banked up; here again the material is snow, which is beaten hard, watered, and allowed to freeze solid.

The work of banking up calls for great skill and judgment, and the engineer must himself be an expert tobogganer, for it is only by personally running over the course that he can verify his calculations, and test the safety—for an expert rider—of the turns.

The famous Battledore and Shuttlecock turns have brought many a good rider to grief, and no wonder. If the average speed over the whole course is about forty miles an hour, nearly twice that rate—*i.e.*, the terrific speed of nearly eighty miles an hour—has been attained on the "straights."

A DANGEROUS GAME.

Remembering that on that icy surface the toboggan will answer to the slightest touch—the mere holding of an arm to one side or the other is sufficient to deflect it—and the frightful speed, the wonder is that men ever get round the corners at all.

Many do not. One unfortunate took the first great bank, known as Church Leap, too fast; he shot right over the thirty-foot high bank into the pine trees above, then fell back on to the ice-bound track beneath, while his heavy toboggan, with which he had parted company, came hurtling down on top of him!

Naturally, it is necessary to slow up when approaching a stiff corner, and to this end the rider wears spikes firmly attached to the toes of his boots.

He brakes by digging them into the track, and a touch of the right foot will swing him round to the right, of the left to the left.

Further, as he approaches the turn he slips back on his machine so as to take the weight off the bows, with the result that it will answer readily to its helm—that is, the steering foot.

ROUNDING THE CURVES.

It needs tremendous practice and judgment to know when to change direction when flying up the bank. If the rider delays too long, he will shoot over the top, while if he puts his toe down too soon or too hard his machine will skid, and the subsequent proceedings will interest him no more.

Even on the straight, great skill is required to keep the narrow course. The speed is such that an injudicious movement, or even a lump of snow, is enough to send the rider whizzing over the banks, which here are very low.

On the straight the rider relies on body balance to keep a direct course, and lies as still as possible, keeping his feet close together. If he deviates from the true line, a touch of his gloved hand should be enough to bring him back again.

By the way, the Grand National rider is padded almost like an American footballer.

He wears an overall, or combination outer garment of strong white cloth, heavy boots well-oiled, long soft leather gauntlets, a close-fitting cap, knee-caps sometimes, and elbow-pads always, for were his unprotected elbow to touch the frozen track, the flesh would be stripped from the bone.

As it would be too dangerous, even if the track were wide enough, to run the competitors abreast, they start one after another as soon as the course is clear.

THREE ORDEALS.

Each aspirant traverses the course three times, and victory goes to the man with the lowest aggregate time for the three heats.

The record for a single course is 67 3-10 seconds, and the man who can do anything under 75 seconds is no slouch.

The finish is up-hill, and, to give some idea of the pace travelled, it may be mentioned that one competitor instead of braking on passing the post, went on full speed over the crest of the hill and leapt sixty-six feet in the air before coming to Mother Earth again.

Among English winners of the Grand National may be mentioned Major E. G. Wynyard, the famous Hants cricketer and all-round sportsman.

G. B. BULLOCK.

THREEPENNY-PIECES.

Although the banks have not yet received any instructions on this point, there is a rumour in the City that threepenny-pieces, five-shilling pieces, and four-shilling pieces are to be called in.

It is certain that new coinage of these denominations is not now being issued from the Mint. No one will regret the disappearance of the cumbersome crown and the confusing four-shilling piece, and the absence of the threepenny-piece will be welcomed, for this coin is so small that it has a nasty trick of getting lost.

A bank manager recently informed the writer, however, that threepenny-pieces are still asked for by one class of customer, namely, the proprietors of small restaurants. It appears that the waiters in restaurants where a twopenny tip is the usual one, endeavour wherever possible to give their customers change in silver, and to arrange matters so that part of the change consists of a threepenny-piece; in this way they often secure a threepenny tip, whereas they would otherwise have had only a twopenny one.

SHARPENING A PENCIL.

Most of us have had experience with cheap fountain pens, so that it is probable that pencil will not be considered quite out-of-date for some time to come.

In sharpening a pencil there are two things to consider. The first is the ease with which the pencil will write; and the second, and hardly less important, is the ability of the point to refrain from breaking when placed in the pocket. The long, tapering points are out of the question except for drawing or designing purposes.

The short, yet sharp and thin point is the most popular, and for ordinary purposes this can hardly be beaten. The chisel point, however, is worthy of attention, as, while providing the means of drawing both thick and thin lines, it is stronger than the ordinary thin point.

To make this point, instead of sharpening evenly all round the wood, lay bare the necessary amount of lead and then use the knife on two opposite sides only. Get the chisel ridge even.

In passing, it may not be out of place to mention that patent sharpeners seldom give such good results as the more old-fashioned method of using a knife.

The patent sharpener does not expose enough lead to serve a reasonable time.

OLD LETTERS

HOW THEY PERPETUATE FEUDS AND EMBITTER MEMORY.

There is a habit that many a man would be happier without if only he could break himself of it. This is the mania he has for hoarding up old letters.

They fill his desk, crowd his mantelpiece at home in his den, or in his diggings, swell his overloaded trunks, take up valuable room in his chests of drawers, and often are allowed to bulge out every pocket in every suit he wears.

One would have thought that to-day with penny postage and the general habit of writing long and often, he would have destroyed each letter when he had properly understood its contents and given it a complete answer.

LETTERS THAT MUST BE KEPT.

Of course, there are letters that business men, lawyers, and others are compelled to keep. Let them keep these by all means, neatly tied up in red tape or packed in files at the top of the building, to await the next Fire of London.

But the ordinary letter with no business agreement in it should not be kept. If it possesses anything that will mellow and sweeten with time, it is far better that this process should go on in a man's mind and memory than in his pockets or his desk.

The mind, in such a case, does a two-fold and most beneficent work. It tends to tone down and gradually to soften the acrid and poignant things that will creep into some letters, and it also tends to heighten the glamour and sweetness of those letters written out of the fulness of the heart when kindly disposed towards the object of its mission.

It is a sad but very true fact of human nature that in the lives of most of us there is a period, usually rather early in life, when we think it rather smart and clever to write very, very nasty letters to those whom we either dislike permanently or are very angry with temporarily. I have heard these letters called "stinkers" and it is an accurate description.

"STINKERS."

Many of us, in addition to writing them, have also received them.

The unhappy part of the matter is that this is particularly the kind of letter that we hoard up. It is placed in our private drawer or dispatch box and left to decompose. And as time goes on it gains in power until it well deserves its name.

By this habit we tend to perpetuate the feud that was the original cause of the letter.

Years may pass, and we happen to come across that "rotten" letter So-and-so wrote to us.

All the old spirit of enmity is revived. Had that "stinker" been burned on its receipt, probably all memory of the quarrel would have vanished and both writer and recipient might possibly be the best of friends.

There is not one letter in a hundred thousand that is worth preserving.

IN A DIFFERENT SETTING.

As the years pass our mental and other outlooks change, and it is often an impossibility to recreate the personal atmosphere existent when the old letters were written. Hence arise misunderstandings and false deductions.

As most of us write, or have written them, it may be as well to mention love letters. These, in my opinion, are as dangerous to keep as gunpowder or dynamite.

Written, or received, in moments of passionate ardour they may "go down" all right; but re-read after the passage of years when the ardour has become practical common-sense affection they are apt to look, and to make the recipient or the writer feel something like an ass.

In this respect love-letters are often a hindrance to happy married life. There are women who will compare a man's every-day, plodding, and perhaps stolid practical life after marriage with the passionate declarations of his engagement days.

PRACTICAL LOVE.

Such women do not realise that it would mean the wreck of any home if a man's life were perpetually filled with thoughts of "dying for" his beloved.

His views as to what true love really is change with experience, while a woman's do not. He looks upon the competition of business, the hard work of money-making, as the best service he can render his wife; and for her to expect him to keep up the fantastic performances of his ante-nuptial letter-writing is to ask him to abandon the love for the shadow.

No, old letters of all sorts should be destroyed.

J. W. ROBINS.

CLUB NEWS.

DEWSBURY.—Mr. Jack Healey, 2, Crackenedge Terrace, Dewsbury, is getting up a MODERN MAN Club in that town.

All readers in Dewsbury, and especially all League members, should rally round Mr. Healey and make the Dewsbury Club as successful as the many others which have now been established.

FINSBURY PARK.—Mr. J. W. Osborne, who is organising a MODERN MAN Club for Finsbury Park and district, is calling a meeting for Monday, January 16, the day on which this number is published. The meeting will take place at 78, Victoria Road, Stroud Green, at 8 p.m., and all readers and League members are cordially invited to attend it.

HOMELESS MEN.

A recent police-court case has brought to light the fact that the Labour Exchanges will not entertain an application from a man who has no fixed place of abode.

There are many thoroughly respectable men who are so down on their luck that there is no spot which they can call home, and surely it is part of the purpose of these Labour Exchanges to help these men back to employment and not to refuse them even a place on their books.

Is this another instance of the well-paid and not very intelligent permanent official setting himself up as a sort of little deity?

THE PUBLESS VILLAGE.

HOW THE INTERFERING REFORMER MAKES A MESS OF THINGS.

Of all stupid instances of misplaced zeal for temperance, so-called interest in the working-classes, and what not, the action of those who see to it that the villages where they hold sway shall have no public-house is probably the most useless and ridiculous.

It is astonishing to the townsman, cyclist, or walker, to come so often upon these villages, and it may surprise the reader to know that they are very plentiful.

From half-a-dozen points of view the shutting up of a village inn, or the refusal to allow one to be opened where one does not exist, can be condemned off-hand, both on high grounds and what would be called low grounds by those who would control even the labourer's consumption of liquids.

Such villages are out of touch with the chief atmosphere and spirit of the English countryside; and a visitor, cyclist, walker, motorist, or a man on horseback, reaching such a place, may well feel that he has left his dear old England, and strayed into some strict and lifeless land which knows nothing of the good old ways.

For every inn witnesses to customs and influences that have their roots deep in every Englishman's heart. They are part of England's essential life; and he who would stamp them out is a savage reformer out of sympathy with the feelings of his countrymen.

There is no sense of welcome from a village without an inn, and a casual cyclist feels something like a feeling of loneliness as he walks along the village street looking for some familiar sign and finding none.

He makes an inquiry of a labourer and is told that "there ain't been a public in this place ever since I can remember," which may be twenty or more years.

And sadly he mounts, shakes off the dust of the place from his back tyre, and pedals away to another place, leaving the publess village alone in its repellent respectability.

The suggestion that the countryman is unable to look after himself and do his duty to his family, if he has one, and that he needs the grandmotherly supervision of a meddlesome overlord, is completely ridiculous to those who have seen the working of such ideas in village life.

It is next to impossible to keep the English countryman from indulging what is naturally one of his strongest impulses—the desire for a glass and a chat on common ground and among his fellows and equals.

When this desire dies England will have died.

The labourer, or indeed any countryman worth his salt, is not going to be a strict and goody-goody abstainer at the bidding of someone who has nothing better to do than regulate other people's lives.

If he has to walk four miles to the next parish, he will have his drink, and none can think any the worse of him for that.

The trouble is that, knowing it is a long tramp between drinks, it is not to be wondered at if he fills up a little too fully while he is at it and goes home more drunk than sober.

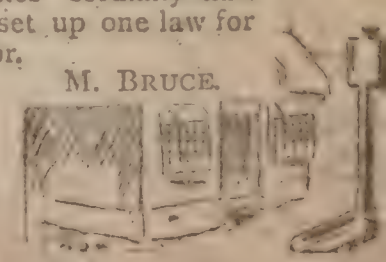
This is actually what happens, and thus we often have the ludicrous spectacle of a publess village having a far-spreading reputation as the "wettest" for miles round.

Not seldom the man who has to walk a long way for a drink brings away a bottle with him. Often it contains the cheapest and most fiery spirits that throw him right off his balance.

And besides all these results, there is the question whether, in many cases, the man who tries to enforce teetotalism in his village is himself a total abstainer. Often he is not, but he is not obliged to go to a public-house when he wants a drink.

The Englishman respects one who practises what he preaches, but he hates cordially and deservedly the man who would set up one law for the rich and another for the poor.

M. BRUCE.



A NEW YEAR DISCOVERY.

NOT UNCONNECTED WITH SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

When the New Year's Day is a memory, Christmas forgotten, and long and bitter months of east wind, uncertain weather, and equally uncertain sport are the lot of mankind, the mind and the body grow restless at the delay that Spring is making.

There seems no end to the dreariness that day after day provides. The bicycle is useless, or nearly so, on roads alternately as rugged and rigid as an iron grating, and as sloopy as a horse-pond. One day the ground is too hard for football or riding, and the next it is too soft for some other sport, and your temper suffers.

You swear at the English climate, forgetting that it is the climate in which more time can be spent out of doors than is the case in any other country.

You know it is useless pretending that Spring is at hand, because you know quite well that long before even a bud breaks and shows the green beneath the brown casing sheaths, there will probably be another long spell of frost or a snowstorm will effectually stop all outdoor life.

The prospect, you decide, is very gloomy—could not be worse in fact, and shows no inclination to get better.

So you go indoors early, hoping at least to find a blazing log fire, a comfortable arm-chair, and a cup of tea, to be followed by a smoke.

Then suddenly the fact strikes you. The lamp is not lighted at the usual time, and you can see to finish the novel you began the night before last in bed. In spite of the fact that it is still practically mid-winter to all appearances, there is some change that has taken place.

You look at the clock, then out of the window at the trees across the road, if you are fortunate enough to have trees opposite your window, and in a flash it dawns on you that the days are lengthening!

This is the first great discovery any man can make in the New Year. Compared with it all other discoveries are worthless. It has a present pleasure and a pleasure of anticipation, for you feel that at last there is to be some period put to this interminable time of short, misty days and long, bleak, unfriendly nights.

You fly to the calendar and turn up the month. Eagerly you look at the columns headed "sun rises" and "sun sets."

In the former column you see that each day the great moment of sunrise recedes. Minute by minute, day by day, he comes up to your vision a little earlier, and you are already, in imagination, in the midst of those early mornings when life is at its best for the sportsman.

In the other column the tale is even more attractive. Running your eye ahead through the weeks you find the days stretching out at this end to tremendous lengths. Rapidly you calculate the difference in the duration of daylight now and six, seven, ten weeks ahead; and it amounts to something great.

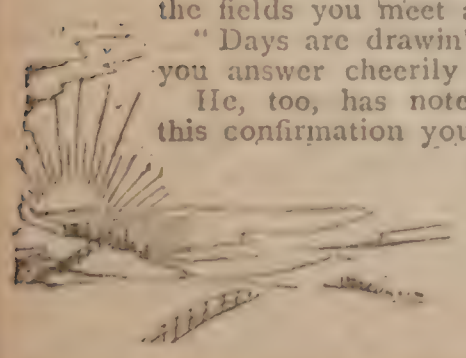
Whatsoever intervenes, in the way of weather, between now and then can be more philosophically borne, for you know that the trend is irresistibly towards the longer day and the glorious sunshine.

In a day or two you remain out, watch in hand at every few steps, to see how the sun is triumphing, and on your way home across the fields you meet a labourer.

"Days are drawin' out a bit," he says, and you answer cheerily that it is so.

He, too, has noted the change, and with this confirmation you reach home contented.

H. P. AMBROSE.



MY NOTEBOOK.

A SUGGESTION. Last week, you will remember, I made an unprecedented offer to every reader of this paper—namely, that I shall present, free of charge, one of my own fully-paid £1 Deferred Shares to every purchaser of one pound's worth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd.

In connection with that offer a friend has pointed out to me that I may not have made my meaning sufficiently clear.

"You should remember," said my friend, "that the average member of the British public is not acquainted with financial terms, and he is very much afraid of getting let in for some sort of liability that he had not calculated upon. You ought to make it plain that both these classes of shares are fully-paid."

MAKING THINGS VERY PLAIN. There are many people who hesitate to invest money because they have known of ruin following the taking up of shares. Several cases could be cited during recent years, but in every such case the shares have not been fully paid for.

The average prospectus states that so much of each share must be paid on application, so much on allotment, and the balance "as and when called for." In many cases this balance is never called for, and people who could not afford to buy the shares outright take them in the belief that only the sums payable on application and allotment will be demanded from them.

It is when a company calls up the balance due on its shares that the shareholders find themselves in difficulties. With fully-paid shares in a limited liability company, however, *there can be no further demand whatsoever upon the shareholders.*

I trust that I have made this very plain.

With regard to the shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., the 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares cost 2s. each, and when you have paid 2s. for a share, you have paid every penny that can possibly be required from you; there can be absolutely no further demand for any money whatsoever from you.

It is the same with the Deferred Shares, which I hold personally, and some of which I am now presenting to my new partners. Every one of these Deferred Shares is fully-paid. I am presenting one of them to every purchaser of one pound's worth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinaries, and there can be no further demand whatsoever made upon him in respect either of his Ordinaries, or of the shares which I am giving to him.

I hope this also is perfectly clear.

SHOWING EXACTLY WHAT YOU DO, AND WHAT I DO. To secure one of the Deferred Shares, you must buy at least one pound's worth of the 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinaries. That is to say, you have to purchase ten Cumulative Ordinaries at 2s. each, costing you £1, and I, on my part, present you, free of charge, with one £1 Deferred Share.

I do not wish it to be supposed, however, that I am restricting the amount of your purchase. If you decide to buy a hundred Cumulative Ordinaries, they will cost you, fully-paid, £10, and I shall present you with ten fully-paid £1 Deferred Shares. If you decide to buy a thousand Cumulative Ordinaries, they will cost you £100, and I shall present you with one hundred fully-paid £1 Deferred Shares.

I welcome new partners, whether their investment is a large one or a small one, because between us we are going to make this business bigger and more prosperous than any other publishing business in London. We are going to do it by co-operation, and my new partners are going to co-operate with me, not for sentimental reasons only, but for financial ones also.

My own Deferred Shares are the ones on which all the profit comes after the 7 per cent. has been paid on the Cumulative Ordinaries. There is no limit to the profits which may accrue to these Deferred Shares.

I want my readers to understand that, because I want them to feel that in holding these Deferred Shares they are participating in the full profits of the Company, a privilege which I have hitherto reserved for myself as founder and vendor.

For your convenience I again print an application form on the page facing this. Fill it in according to the amount you wish to invest, and send it to the Secretary of THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., 19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C., and remember that if you enclose 2s. for each Cumulative Ordinary Share for which you apply, there can be no further claim whatsoever made upon you, and also remember that I shall present you with one pound's worth of my own Deferred Shares for every pound's worth of Cumulative Ordinaries which you purchase.

Surely that is very plain.

OLD MEN. I have before me rather a pathetic letter from a Lut reader, who says: "I should like to be a member of your League, if only you will allow me, but I am afraid that you may think fit to bar me on account of my age, for I am just over sixty, and I am hardly strong enough now to go in for the active sports with which your paper deals."

Of course I sent him a special and personal letter, welcoming him most heartily as a member of the League.

He is not the only elderly man who enjoys reading this paper. One of my most enthusiastic readers is a magistrate in County Clare, Ireland, whom I have never met, and who frequently honours me with congratulatory letters, in one of which he informed me that he was over eighty.

One of the finest sportsmen I know is a man rapidly approaching the three score and ten.

He has a red face and white side whiskers, and he generally wears a fur coat and a silk hat, as befits an elderly gentleman who occupies, as he does, the important position of managing director of a firm employing more than five hundred people.

I remember discussing with him my desire to join the Territorials, shortly after the Force had been established.

"What is the trouble?" he said. "Don't you want to join them?"

I admitted that I did want to, that I wanted to very badly in fact, but that I doubted whether, with the increasing demands that my growing business was making upon me, I should be justified in devoting any part of my time to military work.

"Don't you worry too much about business," he said. "Making money is not the only thing that brings happiness. The hon. part of the business won't trouble you, and you'll soon learn the drill. Go ahead and join at once. Damn it, I'd join myself if I could only get a pair of new legs!"

I acted on his advice, which coincided exactly with my own inclinations, and I have many times regarded myself as his recruit just as so many hundreds of the readers of this paper are good enough to regard themselves as recruits whom I have made.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

LOOKING FORWARD TO LINCOLN.

HOW TRAINERS ARE TROUBLED JUST NOW.

With the arrival of mid-January, signs of awakening activity are evident on every training ground in England where any local trainers have charge of horses likely to be engaged in the Lincoln and other early spring handicaps.

And not only is the trainer concerned with the outdoor life of his horses, but what we might call their domestic existence, their diet, hours of rest, and so on, worry him more than a little just now.

This is because, in most stables, horses have been allowed a comparatively "slack" time during the past six or seven weeks—longer hours of rest and more generous rations than during the racing season.

They will have to be trained down until just before their first race of the season, when they will once again be given a slightly more liberal diet, in order to improve their stamina. It is these dietary changes, chiefly, that trouble trainers at this time of the year.

A racehorse's time-table just now is generally something like the following:

9.30 a.m. Out on the training ground.
10.30 a.m. Return to stables for dressing-down.
11.30 a.m. Feed of corn.
3 p.m. Walking exercise on downs for half hour or so to allow of air being let into the horses' boxes.
5 p.m. Dressing down.
6.30 p.m. Standing feed.
7—8 p.m. Final doing up for the night.

These times hold good until March, when the hour at which the horses are first taken out changes to 8 a.m. or so—until, in the heat of summer, they appear on the training ground as early as five in the morning.

A. BAKER.

A TOUCHING POEM.

There was a young lady of Cheadle,
Who sat down in church on a needle;
But though deeply embedded,
It was luckily threaded,
And was promptly pulled out by the beadle.

ORDERS IS ORDERS.

A burly Yorkshireman was doing sentry-duty, and he was determined to obey orders to the utmost.

During his time on duty he heard someone approaching. Bringing his rifle to the "ready," he shouted, "Who comes there?"

Through the fog a voice replied, "Friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the counter-sign."

"Jove! Damned if I haven't forgotten it. Quite slipped my memory," answered the voice.

"Now, look you here," said the Yorkshireman, "if tha'rt a soldier, tha' knows well enough tha' orders is orders, an' tha' doesn't pass this post till tha' says 'Waterloo.'"

THE LATEST.

SHE: "Have you heard the latest fashion news?"

HE: "No. I haven't read 'The Outer Man' this week."

SHE: "Well, men are going to wear clothes to match their hair. A fair man will wear a light suit; a dark man a dark suit."

HE: "A red-headed man?"

SHE: "Will wear a red suit."

HE: "Poor Father, he won't be able to go out any more."

SHE: "Why, is he red-haired?"

HE: "No. He's bald."

THE INJURED HUSBAND.

"What did poor old Brown do when he learned that his wife had planned an elopement with the chauffeur in his motor-car? I suppose he was in an awful way."

"Not a bit. He went quietly out to the garage, filled the petrol tank, oiled the car, and put it in thorough running order."

HER VOICE WAS HER FORTUNE.

He had taken unto himself a wife.

She was no beauty—in fact, the reverse—but she had a heavenly voice, and when she sang to him he forgot all else and only knew he loved her—at least, he thought he did.

The morning after the wedding he opened his eyes and saw her face beside him on the pillow.

When he had partially recovered, he murmured: "For heaven's sake sing!"

THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I enclose herewith the sum of £ , being payment in full for 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2s. each in the above Company.

I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name upon the register of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

I make this application on the understanding that I shall receive, free of all cost, one fully paid £1 Deferred Share for each ten 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares allotted to me.

Name in full.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

.....

Profession or Occupation.....

Usual Signature.....

Date.....1911.

All applications should be addressed to the Secretary, THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., 19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE STRONG MAN'S APPEARANCE.

A well-shaped man should have a square-built body; his muscles should stand out distinctly, and the lines on his face should be strongly marked.

No matter how much time is spent in physical culture, a man's work will naturally affect his build, and the man who works with his strength will be strong in body as the solicitor or bank manager is strong in brain-power.

The question often arises as to the beauty or otherwise of large muscles. Personally, I do not think that huge biceps can be called hideous, but the rest of the body should be proportional. Huge biceps are by no means beautiful on a man whose chest is small and whose legs are weak.

But I do not encourage readers to aim at gigantic muscles. All-round health with strength well over the average is the best and most satisfactory goal.

Large muscles are not ugly, but the average man cannot hope to build large muscles in every part of the body. Because he can only hope for large development in one particular set of muscles, he should abandon the idea and aim at all-round fitness.

Study the photographs of famous athletes and physical culture experts and you will rarely find that they have developed one set of muscles at the expense of others.

A TENSION EXERCISE.

Place the hands so that the fingers touch the forehead, the head being bent forward as shown in the illustration.

Keep the fingers apart.

Contrive, slowly yet steadily, to bring the elbows into contact with each other, keeping the hands in the original position throughout.

Repeat the movements eight times without moving the hands from the head.

The next exercise you try might well be one for expanding the chest, and should be one which requires the head to be thrown well back.

IN PRAISE OF SKIPPING.

In a large number of gymnasiums skipping of all kinds is practised regularly.

As an exercise for developing the legs and improving the wind, skipping is hard to beat, while the agility and quickness of nerve acquired cannot but be beneficial to the mental faculties.

It is sometimes argued that skipping strains and sometimes injures the inside. But so long as a man works on his toes there can be no jarring or straining.

Skipping is a complicated exercise; the things one has to bear in mind at the same time are numerous and varied. Personally, I have experienced more difficulty in gaining a thorough knowledge in all departments of skipping, which has for years been one of my regular forms of exercise, than I did in learning either cycling or swimming.

There is the jump, the wrist movement, the swing of the rope and the judgment of time.

Unlike many physical exercises, skipping does not become monotonous—there are so many different ways of skipping. You may skip without moving from the spot upon which you stood at the commencement, or, as a variety, you may indulge in a running skip—always a pleasing exercise in chilly or cold weather.

FASTING.

In the first place, I must admit that fasting does not appeal to me. I eat a little over the average, and should resent any law which deprived me of one or more of my meals. I regard eating as a pleasure, and firmly believe that I look upon the subject in the correct light. I am unable to understand men to whom eating is but a mechanical action necessary to keep the body in working order.

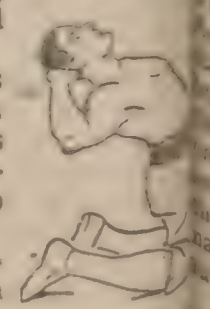
I am always interested, however, in the views of exponents of a scarcer diet, and I believe that under certain conditions a fast—if such abstinence from food for practically a day can be called such—will effect a cure of some classes of disorders.

After a man has been ill in the night, for example, and finds that his stomach will not even hold half a glass of cold water, then he would be ill-advised if he attempted to work his digestive organs in the usual way. If he abstains from food until, say, six in the evening, and quenches his thirst by merely gargling—in the proper sense of the term—then his stomach will soon return to his normal state.

With regard to cures by fasting, I believe that chronic internal inflammation can be cured by abstinence from food for a longer period.

FOR THE MUSCLES OF THE ABDOMEN AND TRUNK.

Kneel erect on the floor, with the feet extended in the position illustrated, and interlace the fingers at the back of the head, forcing the elbows back so as to expand the chest.



Repeat until you begin to feel it.

Now bend slowly backwards from the waist as far as possible. Keep the upper part of the legs as far as the hips quite motionless, and do not allow them to go over backwards from the knee.

Pause a moment in the position of the sketch and then return slowly to the perpendicular.

If you find that you cannot do this without moving the legs, do not bend so far back next time, but work by gradual stages, increasing the distance as the abdominal muscles become better able to bear the strain.

A better exercise for the abdomen and for the lower muscles of the back could hardly be devised.

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and exercises for health, strength, and development given privately, in classes, and at Public Sporting Clubs on moderate terms. Tuition by post a speciality. Pair Boxing Gloves and postal lessons, 10s. Instruction in Ju-jitsu from 5s. 6d. Punch Balls from 6s. 6d. Chest expanders, dumb-bells, &c., at equally low prices. Illustrated list of Ju-jitsu and particulars for two penny stamps from

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MUSTARD BATH

A hot bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of

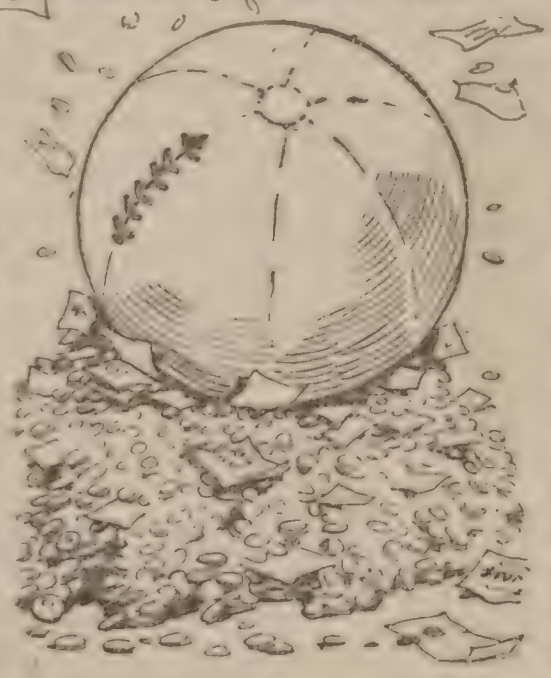
COLMAN'S MUSTARD

S.H.B.

A REVOLUTIONARY FOOTBALL PROPOSAL

THE QUESTION OF "PAID AMATEURS."

By WALTER BULL
(of Tottenham Hotspur and Notts County).



A proposal has recently been made by Mr. W. Pickford, a Vice-President of the Football Association, the well-known statistician of this particular branch of sport, that a new class of players should be created, to be known as "paid" amateurs. He suggests that they should be partly paid, and, naturally, this proposal has raised a fierce controversy.

Is it desirable in the interest of football?

After careful consideration it seems to me there are great difficulties in the way. In the first place, this looks like an attempt to legalise a new kind of professionalism. We all know that in cricket there is no more elastic term than that of "expenses" paid to gentlemen players. Indeed, all of us who know anything about county cricket could tell of not one, but of many instances, in which the so-called gentleman has received a far greater sum for expenses than the professional for salary and expenses combined.

I wonder if anything of this sort exists in football?

Certainly not in the Rugby game; they have made a simple rule which provides that when a player takes money in connection with the game he becomes a professional. It was because of this rule that the Northern Union introduced their game, but despite the fact, people will have the game played by highly-skilled players, last year being one of the best seasons that I have ever known in the Rugby game.

THE "STIGMA" OF PROFESSIONALISM.

All honour to them for having a standard and for declining to deviate from it.

I suppose in Association, if people will not be honest, it is better to recognise the fact and pay them; but we forget that there was a day, not so many years ago, when paid players were not recognised in this Association game. But the change had to come, and it is difficult for me to understand how the matter may be satisfactorily altered.

I cannot understand the contention of Mr. Pickford when he infers that with the signing of a professional form there follows something that is undesirable—a kind of stigma. The stigma, to my mind, if there is any, rests upon the sham amateurs who wish to be treated very specially in the matter of etiquette and yet receive sums of money that, in reality, make them bigger professionals than the average player with whom we have to mix. I am quite sure that there must be a class of people who are hungry for fees and who will welcome the proposal that has been put forward.

A BOGUS AMATEUR.

We have all heard of the story of the player who exclaimed in surprise to a comrade in the dressing-room that "he had found a five-pound note in his shoe" the reply was, we are told, "be quiet, you fool, and if you play better next Saturday you may find two."

I have often wondered how some men can afford to play as amateurs in sport, and, in some cases, it is only by underhand practices that they manage to retain their status.

The Football Association do their best, and I cannot see how the present condition of things is to be altered with advantage. I cannot understand how honest men who want to be paid for their play can object to be included with professionals.

They are very poor sportsmen and very milk-and-watery individuals as a rule. They can never have come into contact with men like Howard Spencer, Jack Sharp, or Robert Crompton, England's Popular Captain, for the latter has his own motor-car and is not ashamed in the least to drive to and from the ground in it, and yet to let the whole world know that he is a paid player.

The most popular of all the famous "Throstles," W. J. Bassett, does not mind it being known that, while he was a holder of a licence at West Bromwich, he was paid as a player.

I hope there is no possibility of the proposal passing, for it will open the way to endless scandals. I almost wish that to keep people honest the F.A. would give the informer half the penalty when a breach of a rule is discovered. Such an idea would be of great advantage, securing something like obedience to regulations and honesty of purpose.

SOME EFFECTS.

The clubs have not been honest in the past, while Manchester and others have admitted breaches of rule.

I do not believe for a single moment that Lord Kinnaird would retain his position if such a proposal were carried out, and probably Mr. J. Clegg and others would retire.

The possible reunion between the A.F.A. and and the F.A. would be farther off than ever, while the union between Rugby football and the amateurs of the other code might become an accomplished fact.

Many people speak as though the public will never tire of the professional game. They will not, so long as it is properly conducted. But there are those of us who remember how professional cycling was killed, and it would be perfectly easy to ruin football as a sport in the estimation of the public.

AN UNPOPULAR SUGGESTION.

Most emphatically do I hope that this proposal will not be carried out.

If it is, there will undoubtedly be widespread dissatisfaction, and it will only add to the contempt which some professionals have for so-called "amateurs," to whom they are expected to bow and scrape, and on whom they are expected to wait hand and foot on the field of play. No! I sincerely trust that the day is far off when such a change has the slightest chance of being brought about.

WALTER BULL.

MODERN HANDWRITING.

Some years ago illegible and indistinct handwriting was considered the work of an educated man. To-day the positions are reversed, and a clear hand is a necessity.

Copper-plate style is, however, not to be desired, and character should be introduced into the writing.

It always pays to be able to write clearly with any type of pen—thick, thin, hard or soft.

If you use a fountain pen obtain both thick and thin points, and change over occasionally. It is strange how a change of pen will sometimes buck you up if your wrist is beginning to get cramped.

MOURNING ETIQUETTE.

INFORMATION THAT MAY PROVE USEFUL.

It is rather a sad subject, but, as you can hardly hope to go through life without meeting with death in your circle, it may be dealt with in the usually cheery pages of THE MODERN MAN.

If it is your painful duty to have to arrange a funeral, the first thing to do is to send for the undertaker, who will know just exactly what should be done.

Next write to all relatives and intimate friends, telling them what has happened, and give the undertaker notices for insertion in the papers.

Afterwards, either personally or through the undertaker, you send cards of invitation to the funeral, requesting a reply, so that you may know what carriages to provide. On receiving such an invitation you should reply on black-edged paper, even if you are not a relative. If you are related to the deceased any stationer will tell you the proper depth of mourning.

On hearing of a friend's death, you should at once write a brief note of condolence to his relatives.

For the funeral, of course, you must be in black, whether you are a relative or not, black coat, black trousers, white shirt (on no account a coloured one), black gloves, black tie, and mourning band round your hat.

The custom of "funeral baked meats" is almost extinct, but wine and cake are sometimes offered before the cortège leaves.

An elderly person may accept these, for he may need some sustenance against the weather, but on the whole they are best declined.

So, too, is the customary invitation to return to the house after the ceremony. Of course, if you are a near relative you may accept, but if you are merely a friend you should beg to be excused, unless specially invited to be present at the reading of the will.

Nowadays, however, the formal reading of the will is often dispensed with, the family lawyer sending a notification of its contents to those interested.

Within a week of the funeral you must call on the relatives of the deceased, even if you were not invited to the obsequies. You must not, however, ask or expect to see your friends, unless they have already sent out cards with "Thanks for kind inquiries" written on them. The sending out of such cards means that the people are prepared to receive visitors.

In regard to after-mourning, this is, of course, much more strictly observed by ladies than by men.

Still in the case of a parent, brother or sister you should avoid bright colours for a year.

When in mourning it is not necessary to wear a black tie with evening dress. A white tie is quite correct.

When military mourning is ordered, it applies only to officers and warrant officers, Regular and Territorial, the mourning consisting of a crape band 3¼ inches wide, worn on the left arm above the elbow.

Mourning is not worn at levées or at Court, unless the Court itself is in mourning.

Just a final warning: if in connection with a funeral you are requested not to send flowers, you should on no account disregard this wish.

Otherwise, when sending a floral token, attach your card to it with some such inscription as "With Deepest Sympathy," "From An Old Friend," or something like that.

The flowers should be addressed to the surviving head of the house.

E. H. HILL.

An Ideal Rambling Place

THE MANY FASCINATIONS OF THE ROMAN ROAD.

Among the pleasant rambling places to be found anywhere within the whole range of England, from shore to shore, the old Roman road ranks among the best.

It has an appearance, an atmosphere, and a character that no other English roads possess, fascinating though they are. With one exception all the features of this road, as the wanderer knows it to-day, are of modern growth, but in spite of this it makes practically no bid for the patronage of farm carts and the other traffic of a remote rural district.

Only by a strong and sustained effort of imagination can its primitive aspect and surroundings be recalled with any approach to accuracy. Nearly twenty centuries ago it is quite certain that there were on either side wider views than are possible to-day.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

The hedge had not then transformed the face of the land and given it what is now commonly regarded as its characteristic English look; and though over wide areas there stretched deep forests into which the British villagers seldom penetrated beyond sight of the open plain and the wattled huts, the road took a course that reduced the risk of surprise to Cæsar's pioneers to a minimum.

The one feature that neither time nor human enterprise has been able to change, short of obliterating all trace of the road itself, has been the undeviating directness of its course.

Clearly it was no secondary road made to give access to places of minor importance, but it was thrown straight across the country from one *castra* to another, many leagues apart, without the slightest suggestion of a bend to right or left.

It is this characteristic that to-day gives to the Roman road the charm of individuality and contrast.

STRAIGHT TO THE GOAL.

All around it, and crossing it at long intervals, roads and lanes of much later construction wind and branch and deviate with captivating inconsequence, linking village with village, hamlet with hamlet, and, almost as often, having no obvious purpose as highway or byway, being merely alternative routes for which there would appear to be no present or prospective need.

But the old trackway of the conquering legions pushes ever straight forward, utterly indifferent even to the villages that lie close beside it.

Still more striking than this haughty exclusiveness—now merging into a forlorn remoteness and neglect—is its entire disregard of natural obstacles. In joining up two widely separated strategical points the builders of the road took every feature of the land in their triumphant march.

No compromise with the country's contours was for a moment considered, much less entertained and acted on. The straight—and rather narrow—way was the only way for them, and so to-day the track is unlike any other road.

SUPERB INDEPENDENCE.

It seems to run at cross purposes with the whole countryside, here taking a steep and difficult hill at a bound, where modern engineers would have swerved; then wallowing in the uneven valley, and crossing the river by a natural ford, if such presented itself, or by a rude stone bridge of rough but sturdy workmanship if the depth of water were too great for wading.

Always it runs at a tangent to every other feature, slicing obliquely through the corner of a plantation, shaving the end of an otherwise square field, and cutting the hard high road every way except at right angles. Only once or twice in a stretch of twenty miles, and then only for short distances, does its course coincide with later highways.

Then for the length of a few fields the old road sinks beneath successive layers of macadam. But soon the newer highway takes a turn and the ancient road reappears, still holding on its direct way, and showing no reluctance to part from such upstart and domineering company.

A MODERN PROPOSAL.

To-day, after centuries of neglect, there is much talk about a revival of Roman roads for the exclusive use of fast motor traffic. There is a revolutionary note of extreme modernity in the suggestion, and one may be allowed to suspect, without desiring to throw too cold a douche on the idea, that those from whom it emanates have but a vague and secondhand knowledge of the real condition and possibilities of such roads.

A slight acquaintance with them will bring out the fact that for the most part they lie right off the lines of traffic and where even motorists seldom desire to travel.

They do not, as a rule, link up great centres of population, and where they do approach a modern town which has grown up around the ancient camp or fortress, they have been transformed into modern highways for the common benefit and could not with advantage be alienated from their present uses.

A POSSIBLE USE.

Moreover, their continuity is so frequently broken for longer or shorter distances as to make a clear run of ten miles the exception rather than the rule.

Seeing, however, that they often strike through large areas of remote agricultural and pastoral land, it is not unlikely that they could in some cases be equipped as light railways and serve as useful links in the chain of communications necessary to bring the farmer, the small holder, and other rural producers into better touch with the markets, as well as forming a cheap and quick means of local transport.

It is probable, however, that the years will bring little change to the Roman road. The day of its revival is not yet. At harvest time the laden wagons will occasionally rumble over its ancient ruts; gipsies will the high road to encamp for a night a grassy solitude, lighting their fires let or hindrance; bullfinches will pipe in the wild and unkempt brambles clematis that in summer almost meet opposite sides; rabbits innumerable wi security in the deep burrows of the where dog and ferret and even the so the gun are almost unknown; the lizard the grass snake will revel in the he while the summer sun beats down b the towering hedges.

Storm water and the drifted snow w longer here than upon more frequente and the sense of complete aloofness fro busier world will steal upon the unfre rambler drawn from the highway by wealth of wild nature to be observed, or along its narrowing way to dream of fo scenes of strenuous activity and of the of the centuries that have made it what to-day.

C. EASTON-GR

CYCLING FROM LONDO

SOME ATTRACTIVE ONE-DAY EXPEDITIONS.

There is probably no more enjoyable of spending an entire day than to ta hundred-mile cycle ride, and the sou counties provide plenty of variety in land views; the roads are, for the most part, looked after, and the scenery loses non its charm even at this time of year.

Some judgment, however, should be ercised in the choice of a route, the way of the South London labyrinth of streets serving some special attention.

Croydon, of all places, should be avo during the day, whenever possible. With due deference to this busy place, cyclis have "had some" agree that it has b the worst streets to manipulate in the whe the southern system. The roads are n and deep tram lines come within a yard o pavement.

Thus for a day trip to Brighton and b the route may be taken via Croydon in early morning before business is comme but for the return journey the Shore Steyning, and Dorking route offers a ple variety.

For a rider who fears not the hills of or is equipped with a reliable variable to Herne Bay or Margate and back is a joyable trip, full of varied interest.

When South-east London abominations been safely manipulated, the road lies th Dartford to Gravesend, providing an a view of river shipping. Then comes the of Rochester with its old castle on the b of the Medway, its cathedral and its memo of Dickens, a forcible contrast to the streets of Chatham next to be encounte Then Canterbury is perhaps the most fasc ing town in the whole of Kent; and glorious sea views are to be obtained the summit of the hilly road leading fr city to Whitstable.

An almost equally enjoyable ride is p vided by taking the Epsom road to Guildf traversing the Hog's Back, from which Bisley plains may be viewed, to Farnham, p ceeding through Alton to New Alresford so on to Winchester.

A. HARRISON

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WHAT THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE REALLY IS

SHERLOCK HOLMES IN FICTION AND IN FACT.

There is no greater criterion of the likes and dislikes of a people than its drama and novels; and a study of the books and plays which have found the greatest favour of late years will show that the nation as a whole has a considerable admiration for the detective.

He is looked upon as a man of colossal brain-power and lightning action, a man with muscles of steel and a "vice-like grip," a man before whom other mortals pale into insignificance, and withal the possessor of an abnormally tender heart. He does not work for fees, but partly for the mental exhilaration which is born of unravelling baffling mysteries, and partly for the pleasure of uniting fond lovers who have been sundered by the machinations of some scheming villain.

The detective, as he is represented to the public by popular novels and plays, is no less than an admirable Crichton, and it is upon this delusion that the "private detective" trades to the full.

But oh! how different is this person from the popular hero, and how different are his methods and the ends for which he works.

He is often the lowest of human parasites—one who lives upon the frailties of his fellow mortals.

THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

Decidedly unromantic, but generally worthy, is the police detective, for he works for the preservation of law and order in the land. He represents Justice in his own little way. But what does the private detective work for—or for whom? He works solely for the

purpose, or the person, who will bring him in the most money.

FOR SALE, CHEAP.

Above all things, he is venial. He will sell himself, or anybody else, for a price. Were he engaged by a client for a fee of, say, £50, and that client's enemy offered him £100 to hold his hand, there is little doubt how he would act.

In what direction do his energies tend? What is the chief form of "mystery" to which he bends his mighty brain? Divorce scandals. The private detective is no detective at all—but merely a paid provider of evidence for divorce.

In this connection it is on record that in a case where a scoundrelly husband wished to be freed from his perfectly honourable wife, a private detective, for a heavy price, wormed himself, during the lady's absence, into her bedroom at an hotel, and hid under the bed, whence he emerged, incompletely attired, on her return, when on a preconceived signal the "outraged" husband forced an entrance into his wife's room.

But the private detective will dive to even lower depths than this.

HIS MOST PROFITABLE GAME.

Blackmail is not too vile for him. Indeed, in the great majority of cases he specialises in it; and finds it highly lucrative.

A well-known solicitor recently told the writer of several cases in which people of high social standing (whose names must, of course, be omitted) confided more or less unsavoury details of their past lives to private detectives, in order to combat the attentions of blackmailers—only, however, to find themselves blackmailed again by the very sleuth-hound whose services they had enlisted.

"If you are blackmailed, go to So-and-So" runs the average private detective's advertisement—but take our earnest advice and *don't*! Go to a solicitor by all means; but give the human parasite the widest of berths.

L. D. WARTREE.

HORSE SENSE.

When a horse puts his ears back and shows the whites of his eyes, you can be sure that he is no friend of yours.

The shabbiest colts sometimes make the best horses—but that's no reason why you shouldn't keep their coats well brushed.

If a horse is in the habit of throwing you the best thing to do is to chuck him.

After an outing on horseback, bring your mount home slowly, so that he should not sweat overmuch when brought into the stable.

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Dec. 1st, 1910.

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W. R. BARBY.

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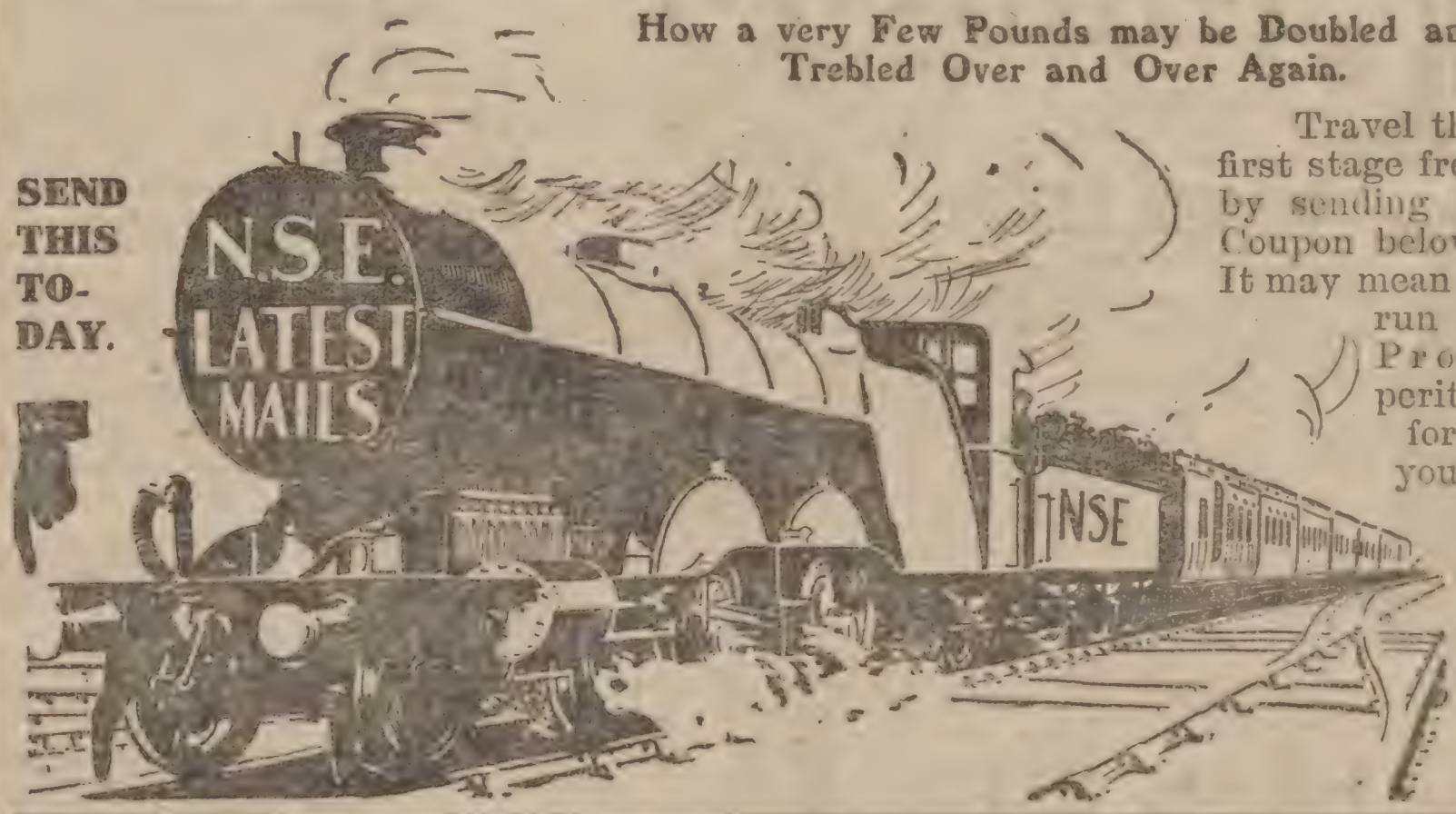

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

SPECIALISATION.

We are continually being told of the necessity for being an "all-round man" in the particular line of business with which one is connected, but this advice must be taken with caution.

It has been responsible for encouraging many men to dabble in every department and to become proficient in none. Such "dabbling" can only be useful if it is combined with a certain amount of specialisation.

An ordinary man can hardly hope to know every detail connected with his business, but he can aim at knowing something about everything, and everything about something.

At the beginning, as I have pointed out in a previous article, a general knowledge of the details of the business must be acquired before any sort of specialisation is attempted, but having once built up the ground-work of your knowledge you must develop it on some one particular line.

The ideal is to start some new development or department which becomes essential to the business and which you alone can handle successfully.

Some years ago, before the official known as the Public Trustee was thought of, it was suggested by a client to a well-known insurance company that they should act as Trustees for his estate.

The work in connection with the Trust was handed over to a junior clerk in one of the existing departments whose time was previously not very fully occupied.

That clerk, instead of doing the work in a perfunctory manner in the intervals of his other work, took the trouble to learn all that he could about trustee business, and when other clients also wished the company to become trustees, it was only natural that the work should be handed over to him and his salary increased proportionately.

The experiment proved so successful that it was decided to start a Trustee Department, to deal exclusively with this kind of work, and there was only one man in the office with sufficient knowledge of the business to take charge of it.

Thus the junior clerk, who had added to his general knowledge of insurance business a special knowledge of a particular offshoot of it, became head of a department before he had turned thirty.

Many tradesmen appreciate the value of judicious specialisation. General dealers have often increased their profits greatly by specialising in one particular line without giving up the others, and the clever window-dresser knows that a window in which one line is given special prominence is far better than one in which one specimen of each article is shown.

Many of the greatest commercial firms, on the other hand, began as specialists, and developed into general merchants. A certain famous grocery firm, for instance, specialised at first in pork and tea.

We all know the proverb about the cobbler sticking to his last. He had better do so at least until his business is an assured success. Then he can pay someone else to develop other lines and can become a universal provider if he likes.

S. T. YOUNG.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

PRESENT STATE OF THE MARKETS.

There is not much doing on the Stock Exchange, but there is an increasing demand for cheap rubber shares amongst shrewd investors.

Rhodesians have had a little "Boomlet," but I do not think it will last, as the public have been bitten too often in this market, and the professionals cannot carry the rise far without the assistance of the investing public.

Mexican rails are good and likely to go much better, as the figures to date show that 1¾ to 2 per cent. will be paid on the ordinary stock for the current half-year.

Notwithstanding the enormous crops of the United States, trade in that country is not improving as one would expect, and perhaps we shall see prices a little lower yet before they go better.

Home Railways ought to make a good show in dividends during the next few weeks; but the trade of the country is not so good as the Board of Trade returns would lead one to suppose, the increase being more in the nature of higher prices than additional trade.

NEW LEGISLATION WANTED.

With reference to the matter in this column last week, the full particulars of the recent meeting of the Rangoon Para Rubber Company are now to hand, although the reporters were excluded.

It appears that the estate was reported on and valued at £205,000 for the intermediate vendors, Messrs. Guthrie and Co., Ltd., and H. V. Low and Co., of Calcutta and Rangoon, by C. J. Chadwick (manager of the Burma Para Rubber Estates), and that the directors entered into a contract to buy the property on the strength of this report and valuation without troubling to have the statements in the report verified.

Moreover, notwithstanding the fact that the visiting agent, Mr. Milne, cabled on August 22 as follows: "Conditions most unsatisfactory; growth poor owing to neglect; previous report inaccurate; figures incorrect," the directors paid to the vendors the instalment of the purchase price due on August 31—namely, £30,000, leaving the company not only with a bad bargain, but without capital to carry on the estate.

Luckily there seem to be only about 150 to 200 shareholders in this country; but the principle of directors parting with the shareholders' money without first verifying the statements on which the purchase price is based, is bad, and, as I have said before, if they are legally entitled to do so then the law requires altering.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"KINTA" (Oldham).—I do not think the time is ripe for averaging; but I do not advise you to realise your present holding.

J. L. (Birmingham).—Your holding in rubber companies is a fairly good one; but you should sell numbers 4 and 7 if you can do so without loss.

"LITTLE" (Ratho).—The first is financially sound; but I strongly advise you not to speculate unless you can well afford to lose. The second I know nothing about; but I think you would be able to deal more satisfactorily in Premium Bonds with N. Keiser and Co., 19, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

B. T. (Bristol).—Way-Halims cannot go lower, and will at least double in price during the year.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

SOME WAYS OF LOSING MONEY.

There are perhaps some people—but not many—who have more money than they know what to do with, and who want to get rid of some. Here are a few easy ways of doing it:

Go to a race meeting and make ten-pound-each-way bets with a seedy-looking penciller who has taken the precaution of stationing himself close to the exit-gates.

* * *

Back the bills of a public-house acquaintance with whiskers on his trousers, who is going to realise on some South African bonds in three months' time.

* * *

Try to make your stage *début* under the guidance of some benevolent person who advertises for "amateurs, engagements guaranteed. London theatres only," &c.

* * *

Send out a musical comedy company on tour, booking your company, theatres, &c., yourself.

* * *

Take parties of chorus-girls out to supper and let them choose the wine.

* * *

Take a big house and invite all your friends to come and stay with you.

* * *

Go to one or two Harpole Street specialists for that periodical biliousness to which you are subject.

* * *

Spend three or four hours every day in a gaudily-lighted "Try Your Skill" establishment in the neighbourhood of the Strand.

C. D. ADEY.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S DISCOVERY

By ADAM STERN.

Richard looked at the card which the office-boy had just brought in, and passed it back to him.

"We don't buy German iron," he said; and the boy went out to give the caller the message.

He returned in a few moments, the card still in his hand.

"The gentleman would like to see you, sir, if you can spare him a minute," he said.

"All right," said Richard, who was never difficult of access; "let him come in"; and he took the card again and laid it on his desk, and then sat back in his chair to give his attention to Mr. Carl Scheeberg, of the Scheeberg Ironworks, Duldorf, Germany.

He was a military-looking gentleman, as so many of the Germans are.

His skin was fair, as also was his moustache; he had genial, shrewd blue eyes, prominent cheekbones, and a cleft chin. His age was probably five-and-forty.

He spoke with hardly a suspicion of an accent, stepping forward with cigar and silk hat in one hand and the other outstretched.

"How do you do, sir?" he said cordially; and Richard, half rising from his chair, returned the clasp and then sat down again.

"Take a seat," he said in his blunt fashion, and waited for the other to open the conversation.

"I want to do business with you, of course," said Mr. Scheeberg with a smile, as he dropped one knee over the other.

"In German iron?" said Richard.

"Yes."

"No good," said Richard simply. "I don't buy it."

"My price," continued Mr. Scheeberg, "is seven-seventeen-six per ton, for Best Number 3 quality, delivered free in Moulden, cash against bill of lading. The quality is equal in every respect to English Number 3; for which your home makers require fifteen shillings per ton more than I am quoting."

Richard nodded.

"That is so, is it not?" pursued the German, driving home the point.

"Excepting the fact," answered Richard, blunting the point with the utmost casualness; "that the English suppliers allow a discount for cash, while your price is net."

"True," assented the German, with the air of having just recollected the detail. "There is two-and-a-half per cent. off the current English price of eight-twelve-six, which makes an actual difference in their disfavour of ten-and-sixpence per ton. That, however, you will agree, is still an amount worth saving?"

"Oh, yes," said Richard.

"And yet you say you do not use our iron!"

Mr. Scheeberg elevated his eyebrows a little, and took a leisurely pull at his cigar.

It was evident he expected Richard to proffer some explanation of his rather unbelievable conduct, but none came.

Richard continued to watch him with the reposeful expression which was both baffling and irritating to those who attempted to read his thoughts.

"Perhaps it is that you are prejudiced?" suggested the German.

"Not a bit."

"I hardly expected you would be," with a frank, disarming laugh. "That sort of thing died ten years ago—at least, in the commercial world. Of course, one comes in contact with it now and then, but they are always old-fashioned and unprogressive individuals.

"I assume," he went on, having presented Richard with the alternative of giving him an order or being considered a fool, "you have contracts booked—or perhaps it is that your stock is heavy?"

Richard did not answer, but let him assume what he liked.

"I should very much like," continued the German; "to send you on a small sample consignment for you to try it. I am confident is would result in our obtaining from you at least a portion of your valuable business."

"No, thanks," said Richard.

"Does not the ten-and-sixpence per ton tempt you?"

"No."

"May I ask why?"

"I prefer to use English iron."

"But you must have a reason?"

"I have several."

"Tell me one."

"It is better value for the money."

"No, no, sir—pardon me! It cannot be that. I ship a large quantity of our productions to the chain-makers of this district, and one and all admit that it is in every way as reliable and satisfactory as English iron. You would not set yourself up to be a better judge than your competitors, I imagine?"

"Why not?" said Richard, a blunt question which rather took Mr. Scheeberg aback. Visibly his urbanity was showing signs of wear and tear.

"I—well—of course it would be unbecoming to contradict you."

"They have a right to their opinion," said Richard, "but it is not necessarily mine. I have made extensive tests with German iron on several occasions, and found it unsuitable for the quality of chain which I like to turn out. It is tougher in fibre and therefore harder to work—I am speaking of Best Number 3—and it has a lower breaking strain. Those two faults, to my mind, more than negative the advantage in price."

He turned to his desk.

"Sorry not to be able to do anything for you," he said, by way of concluding the interview.

Mr. Scheeberg rose immediately to his feet.

"I am sorry too," he admitted cordially, "but thank you for your candid information. I should like to convince you, however, in spite of your past experience, that as regards our own iron you are wrong in assuming it to be inferior to English. Will you give me an opportunity of doing so? I will send you a few sample bars of our Best Number 3 to test, if you are agreeable. I have some at my hotel."

"Very well," said Richard; which prompt acquiescence was apparently not quite what Mr. Scheeberg had expected.

"You are not saying that for the purpose of getting rid of me, are you?" he added, with his frank, disarming laugh.

"No," said Richard, looking at him.

And the German suddenly realised that he had met a man whose simplest word was not to be taken lightly.

He held out his hand.

"I leave Moulden to-night," he said, "but hope to return in a few weeks' time. I am frequently in England. On my next visit I shall look forward to receiving your report on the samples. Good morning."

"Good-day," said Richard, touching a bell.

"You have not, I suppose," said the German as the door was opened and the boy stood waiting, "a pattern at hand of the iron you are accustomed to use? It might be that I could supply you with a facsimile of it in strength and substance, should my own not prove exactly what you require."

"No, I haven't," said Richard, going on with his work.

The German took his leave.

"Clever devil that!" thought Richard.

"Englishman!" said Mr. Scheeberg to himself as he reached the street; a comment equal in dislike and admiration.

When the samples of iron arrived Richard personally tested them, according to his invariable rule, and afterwards entered the results in a private book, storing the samples labelled, in a drawer.

Then he forgot all about Mr. Scheeberg of the Scheeberg Ironworks, Duldorf, Germany.

It was on a morning a few days later when Richard was working in the office with his friend and secretary, Graill, that he turned to him and said:

"We shall have to be ordering in some more iron. You might take down this specification. . . ."

"Go ahead," said Graill, drawing forward a blank memorandum.

"Best Number 3 Round Iron Bars, usual fifteen to seventeen feet lengths, ten tons each quarter- and three-eight-inch."

"Ten tons each quarter- and three-eight-inch," Graill droned after him.

"Twenty-five tons each half and five-eighth, twenty tons three-quarter, and fifteen tons seven-eight-inch. No one inch; we've got plenty of it. Got it down?"

Graill read out the figures.

"Specify English," said Richard.

"Of course," said Graill.

"Send the enquiry to Hayes and Co., the Millbank Iron Foundry, Hartford and Beck's, and—yes, to Clement Pickering, 489, Coleman Street, Birmingham. I promised to give him a chance the next time I was buying."

"Who's he?" asked Graill.

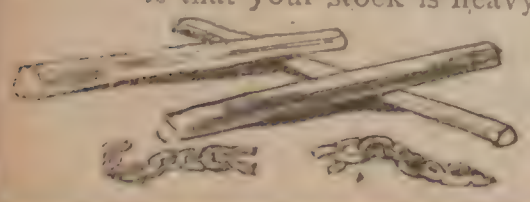
"The representative for the Midlands of the Terestin Rolling Mills Co., Wigan. Quite a likeable chap. They're a firm who used to lay themselves out specially for our trade and turned out the finest stuff in the kingdom, but fell on bad times a few years ago and had to close down. Now they're under new management and have re-started; and Pickering assures me their quality is every whit as good as it used to be.

"They can give quick deliveries, which is the most important thing, and I have an idea that they might take a lower figure than the market rate. Anyhow, ask them to quote, and mention that we expect special terms for prompt cash. If other people can allow four per cent., instead of the monthly two-and-a-half, so can they."

"Right you are!" said Graill.

Mr. Clement Pickering, palpably anxious to open the account with Richard, rang him up the next morning.

"If I telegraph my people and get the price wired per return, can you place the order to-day?" he wanted to know.



"Don't be in too much of a hurry," Richard good-temperedly answered. "I've asked other people to quote besides yourself."

"Keen competition. That's what I want. When shall you be knowing?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"That's Thursday. 'Change day. Coming over?"

"As usual," said Richard, who regularly attended at the Birmingham Iron Exchange.

"I'll see you there, then."

"Right-ho."

"And obtain a rock-bottom figure meanwhile. Good-bye."

So it came about that on Thursday afternoon they stood among the crowd of men congregated on the pavement outside the Exchange, discussing the matter.

Pickering's quotation was eight-pounds-five per ton, less two-and-a-half, three weeks' delivery, as against the lowest which Richard had received—viz., eight-twelve-six, with four per cent. discount for prompt cash; a difference in Pickering's favour approximating five shillings per ton.

"That's good enough?" asked Pickering.

"Eight pounds and tenpence-ha'penny," mused Richard with abstracted eyes.

"Yes, that's what it works out at," agreed Pickering, after rapid mental calculation. "I can't pay it."

"Can't you? Oh, I'm sorry to hear that!" The disappointment was genuine.

"I can make you a counter offer," said Richard, with a level glance from his abstracted eyes; "of seven-seventeen-six, net, free in Moulden, cash on delivery. Will you take it?"

"I don't know. Not off my own bat. Anyway, I haven't sold a line to anyone for more than eight-two-six. But I'll put it before the firm. I would hold the order in suspense for the firm to-night and let you know definitely first thing to-morrow."

"Right-ho," said Richard. "By the way, who is the principal of the Terestin Rolling Mills Company at the present time?"

"A chap named Rufford."

"What's he like?"

"Medium-sized, dark, straight grey eyes, and a dark moustache. Often comes down. I'll bring him over some time."

"I wish you would," said Richard.

On the subsequent morning Pickering telephoned that he had been authorised to accept Richard's terms, and the order was despatched to him that night.

"You made a good bargain here," commented Graill, on passing the order to Richard to sign. "However do they manage to turn out the stuff at *this*-price?"

"That," said Richard, "is exactly what I've been wondering."

He subjected the iron to careful examination when in due time it was delivered, and, apparently not quite satisfied with ocular scrutiny, he took off his coat and devoted an hour and more to making bars of the various sizes into long-link chain.

Then he placed what he had done in the testing-bed, allowing the tension to increase until the chain snapped.

At the result shown by the indicator, his face hardened.

He called up his foreman.

"Don't let this stuff be touched till I tell you," he ordered. "Let the men go on with other stock."

Then he returned to his office and telephoned to Clement Pickering.

As a result of their brief conversation, Pickering was ushered in two days later, accompanied by Mr. Rufford, of the Terestin Rolling Mills Company.

No words were wasted by Richard in explaining why he had made such a peremptory request to see them.

"I've sent for you," he began, with his eyes on Rufford, "to tell you I'm refusing the iron you sent me. It's altogether inferior to other people's Best Number 3."

"That's the first time we've had such a complaint," said Mr. Rufford.

"I doubt it," said Richard. "But listen to a few comparisons."

He read out details from a book.

"Whose manufactures are you taking as a standard?" inquired Mr. Rufford.

"I refuse names," said Richard; "but they are established English makers. Is your iron English?"

"Certainly."

"Are you *sure?*" There was unpleasant emphasis in the tone.

"Well"—for a moment it appeared that Mr. Rufford was uncertain what answer to make. "That's a peculiar question to ask," he decided at length. "The Terestin Rolling Mills are one of the oldest-established ironworks in the country, as everybody knows."

"Agreed," said Richard. "Which makes it all the more extraordinary that they should be supplying German iron."

"German iron!" It was Pickering who echoed the words. Rufford was silent.

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Pickering blankly.

"All right," said Richard. "I'm satisfied you know nothing of this."

He turned again to Rufford.

"Do you contradict it?" he inquired.

"Most decidedly. It is a most serious accusation to bring. I demand to know your foundations for it."

"All in good time," said Richard. "You say the iron was rolled in your works?"

"Under your own eyes?"

"Practically. That is——"

"German iron could not have been supplied without your knowing it?"

"No."

"That's what I wanted to get at. You are the manager, I understand?"

"Yes."

"Principal?"

"Yes."

"Owner?"

"Y—yes."

Richard leaned forward a little.

"Who is the *controller?*" he asked quietly.

At that moment the office-boy came in and gave him a card.

"Wanted to know, sir, what time you'd be free?"

"Tell Mr. Carl Scheeberg," said Richard distinctly. "I'll see him now."

He smiled a little at Rufford's expression, and smiled more when the German came in, stared for a moment, and then took a quick backward step.

"Don't go," said Richard. "You've arrived most opportunely. I was just about to tell the manager of your English works how I came to discover that he was supplying German iron for English. Unfortunately, it was your own doing. You shouldn't leave samples with people who are able to recognise likenesses in iron. That's all."

He stood up.

There was still a smile on his face, but his eyes were hard.

"I shall take upon myself," he added deliberately; "to inform the trade that the Terestin Rolling Mills Co. is nothing but a dumping depot for German goods. Good-day to you, gentlemen. . . . Pickering, you should look out for another agency."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

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ANY OF THESE COMPOUNDS MAY BE GIVEN TO CHILDREN WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY.

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Dr. Birley's Phosphorus Compounds are sold by all Chemists and Drug Stores, and by Boots, Taylor's, Parke's, Lewis & Burrows, Timothy White's, &c., or post paid from GORDON MURRAY & CO., LTD., 10, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

HOW TO WIN AT DRAUGHTS.

The secret of success at draughts lies greatly in the manner in which the opening stages of the game are conducted.

It too often happens that the early exchanges are made in a more or less haphazard manner, attention being paid only to the securing of piece for piece, the question of position being practically ignored.

Never allow yourself to be rushed by your opponent; if he is a better player than yourself a fast game is to his advantage.

Text books, as a rule, advocate centre-play, but the average player will find that slinking along the side of the board will be to his advantage. Try to get your two front outside men in outside positions. They are protected by the edge of the board, and can only be taken by fair exchange.

Be the player who orders the style of the game. That is, by your moves compel your opponent to defend against your attack. This system of attacking is a surer defence than the method which is usually termed defensive.

THE MAN WHO BORROWS.

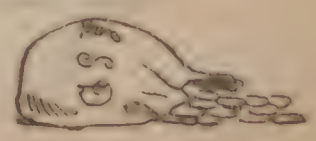
Borrowing is becoming more and more of a profession. Indeed, one often meets men whose entire existence seems to depend upon their ability to "touch" someone for "half-dollars."

There are many different types of the gentleman who is keen on small loans. A few are likeable, and most are not.

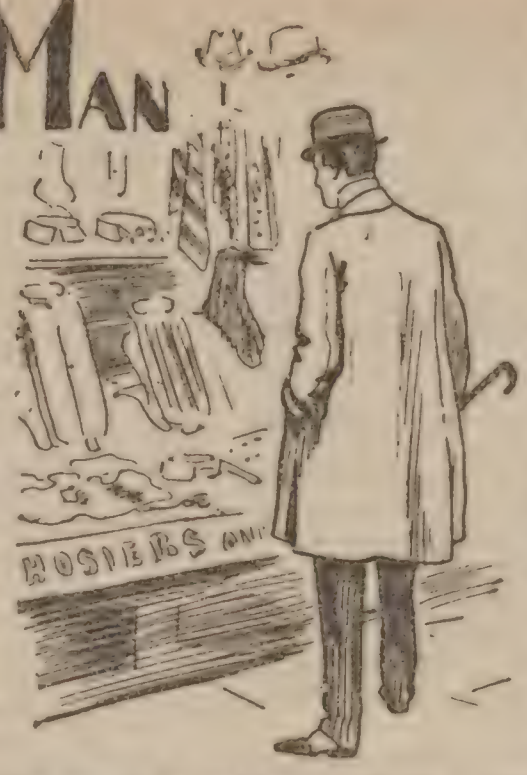
First, there is the born cadger. He is invariably a cringing sort of beast, but he is little better than the man who, inviting you to have a drink, informs you that he pays for it with his last sixpence, and wonders if you can spring a couple of shillings until Tuesday week.

Then there is the brazen person who enters the office with a flourish of top-hat and gold-handled umbrella, and informs you that he "wants half-a-sovereign." He is somewhat akin to the man who, when he borrows, seems to think he is doing you a personal favour.

That borrowing is something of a business is shown by the fact that some men carry about with them I.O.U.'S for the amounts they hope to receive.



THE OUTER MAN



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

WATCH FOBS.

A Bradford reader writes to ask which is the correct way to wear a fob when in evening dress.

If you intend to wear a fob, it is necessary to have a special watch pocket made at the top of your trousers, between the two front trouser buttons on the right hand side.

The watch is placed in this and the fob hangs naturally down from it.

If your fob is not an adjustable one, it is as well to take it to the tailor when ordering the dress suit, so that the pocket may be cut at the right height. You can probably get someone at home, however, to cut the pocket for you, as it will not show but will be covered by the waistcoat.

It is incorrect to wear a fob hanging from the waistcoat pocket, although this is done by many men, especially Americans.

I have known men who wore a fob with evening dress simply for ornament and with no watch attached. They fix the swivel on to the end of their braces and let it hang from there.

But this is mere foppishness, and if you examine the fobs worn by those who practise this mild deception you will generally find that the "gold" ornaments on them are very much imitation.

If you have not a genuine seal, locket, or other ornament to hang on the end of your fob, it is best to do without it.

READY-MADE ARTICLES.

There are some things that most men buy ready-made—shirts, collars, ties, socks, and so on—and with many men fancy waistcoats can be included in the list.

It is advisable, if possible, to get the latter made to order, for here, at least, a good fit is essential. Sometimes, however, you see just what you want ready-made, but make sure you get it.

If you spot a "callboy" in an outfitter's window, do not hesitate to walk in and demand a closer view of it. It is almost worth the trouble and time to note the various excuses the shopman will make, and the miscellaneous assortment of articles "just as good" or "the same thing only a little different" that he will spread out on the counter before you.

The great thing is to be firm. Shopkeepers would not insist upon their employees spending time in attempting to palm off indifferent articles if the dodge did not succeed occasionally.

If you happen to notice an attractive fancy vest in a shop window, for instance, and ask to see it, it is twenty to one that a gigantic array of waistcoats of all shapes, colours, and sizes will be laid out for your selection before the real thing is procured from the window.

When you are in a hurry it is best to tell the man right off that you are not hard up for a waistcoat, you did not come out with the intention of purchasing one, but that a certain vest in the window happened to catch your eye and you desire to see it at close quarters.

The wise man, however, gets his clothes made to measure either by calling in person or through the post.

SUSPENDERS AND SOCKS.

It is a common practice among some men to leave their socks in the grip of the rubber fasteners of the suspenders when they retire for the night.

When this is done continually, the portion of the sock gripped will gradually wear out, a hole will result, grow bigger, and the sock will have to be cast, prematurely, into the rubbish heap.

It is always worth while to release the sock from the bite of the suspender at night, and on the following morning to fix it in a slightly different place. It is not absolutely necessary to fasten up the sock in the exact centre of the front of the leg—in fact, it is better at the side where it will not come into contact with the shin-bone.

Be careful how you tread if your suspenders happen to be hanging down—this, of course, only happens in the privacy of your bedroom. If it does occur in a public highway, bolt for a side-street. If you have boots on you may bend the metal which, in future, will graze your leg, and if only a pair of socks cover your feet, the sensation of walking on a suspender does not come within the category of pleasant experiences.

NEW CLOTHES.

Never go to an important function clad in anything (save, of course, such things as ties and socks) that you haven't worn before.

If you went to the Lord Mayor's banquet wearing a fancy vest you only bought the day before, you would be eyeing that article throughout the meal and someone would surely spot you.

Moreover, absolutely new clothes do not look ideal, and they tend to make one self-conscious.

When I receive a new suit from the tailor's hands and have duly paid for it, I invariably [illegible] the clothes in the solitude of my private [illegible] until I have become used to the "feel" of th[illegible]

There is always a "tailor's-dummy" [illegible] about brand-new clothes, and it is always [illegible] to get used to them before taking your [illegible] abroad in all their glory.

Moreover, if a friend of yours has just got a [illegible] suit, or some other article of wearing appare[illegible] very careful how you criticise it, even if you d[illegible] favourably.

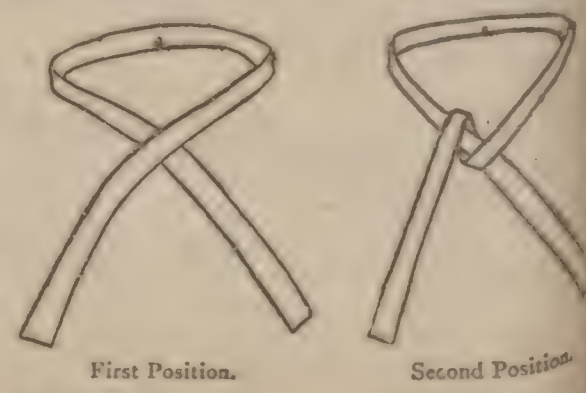
There are some men who cannot bear a rem[illegible] to be made—however complimentary—[illegible] clothes that they happen to be wearing for [illegible] first time, and they seem to expect you to t[illegible] their clothes for granted without referring to t[illegible]

And, except where my most intimate friends [illegible] concerned, I am not sure that I am not [illegible] of them.

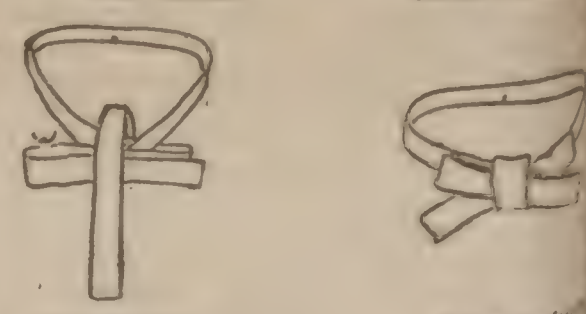
HOW TO TIE A BOW TIE.

About a year ago I wrote at the request of [illegible] Editor an article dealing with the best metho[illegible] tying a bow tie. As the number containing [illegible] article is now out of print, and as I contin[illegible] receive letters from readers asking for inform[illegible] on this point, I am giving this week four diagr[illegible] showing the different stages of the process—[illegible] is one of those things that are "very easy [illegible] you know how."

In order to follow the diagrams proper[illegible]



First Position. Second Position.



Third Position. Fourth Positi[illegible]

should advise you to try it first on a water [illegible] some such convenient object, for the diagra[illegible] necessarily drawn from the point of vi[illegible] another person looking at you. This will n[illegible] course, be the same view as you get of yours[illegible] the mirror.

It makes no difference, however, which [illegible] crossed over the other in the first instance.

In the illustrations the bow is not shown p[illegible] tight, for the sake of clearness.

THEATRE DRESS.

Various theories are put forward by dra[illegible] critics and others connected with the stag[illegible] plaining away the increased favour with w[illegible] the music-hall is being regarded by the public[illegible] the waning popularity of the legitimate dram[illegible]

They say that people want variety, and [illegible] they prefer to be able to come or go at any [illegible] of the proceedings. Smoking, too, comes in [illegible] its share of blame or otherwise.

Personally, however, I am inclined to loo[illegible]

A USEFUL COLLAR HINT.

A clean collar daily is a luxury that can only be enjoyed at the expense of a considerable increase in the laundry bill. At the same time it is recognised that the wearer of a soiled collar cannot possibly appear smart, no matter how carefully he may otherwise be dressed.

The best way out of the difficulty is to use Lin-Gloss, a washable linen glaze, the use of which enables you to wash an ordinary linen collar every morning with a cold water cloth, and wear it for a month without having recourse to the laundry.

The appearance of the linen is not altered in any way—it is quite impossible to tell a collar has been treated with it, and saves 500 per cent. on the outlay.

Lin-Gloss is sold in bottles at 1s., containing a six months' supply. Send 1s. P.O. and 1d. stamp to-day to the Lin-Gloss Works, 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

THE McKINLEY "MAC."

The most wonderful value ever offered. Made from materials bought before the rise in the price of rubber.

CARRIAGE **16/6** PAID.

Money refunded in full if you are not completely satisfied.

The McKinley Mac. is made of fine quality fawn rubber coating, and is a really high-class, serviceable waterproof garment for ordinary or sporting wear. It is perfectly cut and finished, made as illustrated with fashionable Raglan sleeves, straps on cuffs, vertical pockets, storm collar with throat tab, lined across shoulders, ventilated armholes, and double solutioned seams.

Ready for service in all sizes. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) to-day, and take advantage of this exceptional opportunity.

If you don't need a Mac. send for Patterns of our Famous Suitings and Overcoatings. Suits to measure from **25/-** to **50/-** Perfection of fit, style, and workmanship guaranteed.

C. & G. McKINLEY,

Tailoring Dept., **7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.**

Oatine

When the skin is irritated after shaving, use OATINE; instantly relieves tenderness and soreness of the [illegible]

A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 4d. in box containing eight of the Oatine preparations and Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, Oatine Bldgs, Mermaid Court, L[illegible]

the music-hall patron not as the empty-headed youth, not as a man to whom real art and talent cannot appeal, but as an individual who has not the time or does not care to dress for his evening's amusement.

While I should be the last person to deny that a floor filled with people in evening dress is most attractive and imposing, I think the man who works to a reasonable hour and lives some distance from town should be shown some consideration and not forced to go to the cheaper parts of the house where evening dress is not demanded.

It would be an admirable plan if managers of first-rate places of amusement would set aside say a third of the stalls for their non-dress patrons.

At the same time it must be admitted that such an arrangement might mar the pleasure of the gaily-bedecked ones who love to sit only amidst those who are "correct" as regards the matter of clothes.

OVERCOAT MATERIALS.

When choosing material for a new overcoat it is as well to remember that weight and thickness are not the only points that must be looked to.

If you are going in for an ulster or any other style of heavy coat, obtain material which is fairly closely-woven. The loose, fluffy cloth quickly loses much of its early brightness and a few rain-storms will irretrievably ruin the coat.

The coat which is made from cloth to which small balls of material adhere is especially liable to lose its smartness in a shower of rain.

If your coat is to be of the heavy variety have a spacious and roomy garment made. The sleeves should be of good length, longer than those of a well-fitting lounge suit.

Have the collar made in a large style, and the buttons, too, must be of fair size.

If, on the other hand, you trust almost entirely in your stout lounge suit and a muffler as protection against the cold, you may prefer an overcoat of much lighter material. If so, a rain-coat should suit your purpose as well as any. These articles are smart, easy to carry, and, moreover, they retain the bloom of youth far longer than the ordinary overcoat.

Obtain one of a light colour for preference. It will then be useful in summer as well as in winter.

WAISTCOATS.

It is a common idea that the vest lasts longer than any other part of a suit. In a way this is so, but at a very early stage the average waistcoat begins to show cross-creases if it is worn continually. These result mainly from sitting in a chair, bending forward, and writing at a desk.

To preserve the waistcoat there is nothing like an occasional rest. Therefore, a man is well advised if he purchases a fancy vest or two to go with a suit.

In the same way as ties profit by not being worn for two days in succession, so, also, does the plain waistcoat last three times the number of days it would have served for if given little or no rest.

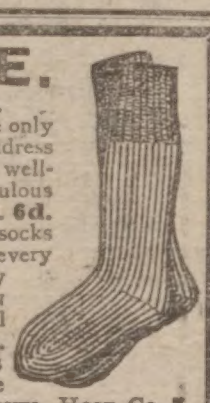
Woollen waistcoats, besides being warm in winter, have the additional advantage that they do not show creases as those made of cloth do.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5 Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

GENT'S HOSE.

FREE. ABSOLUTELY FREE.

As an advertisement and for a short time only we will send **post free** and to any address **3 pairs** (either Ladies' or Gent.'s) of our well-known '**Marvel Hose**' for the ridiculous amount of **1s. 4d.**, or **6 pairs for 2s. 6d.** The quality and superior finish of these socks and stockings, we are sure, will give you every satisfaction. For strength and durability they cannot be equalled. To all MODERN MAN readers sending 5s. for 12 pairs, we will present **absolutely free half-doz.** pure white pocket **Handkerchiefs** (Ladies' or Gent.'s) same as sold elsewhere at 6d. each. Send at once. THE "MARVEL HOSE CO.," Hose Dept., 111, Amhurst-road, London, N.E.



CYCLE LAMPS.

There are four kinds of lamps for the cyclist: the candle, the oil, the gas, and the electric. The last may safely be disregarded as being both expensive and unsuited to the average cyclist's requirements. Also, electric lamps are complicated.

Oil lamps are still the most popular, and for simplicity they are hard to beat. In winter months, when the machine is taken out only on occasional dry evenings for short local spins, the oil or the candle lamp should be used exclusively.

When, however, comparatively deserted country lanes have to be encountered, the brilliant glare of the carbide lamp is almost a necessity.

Both types have their disadvantages. The oil lamp invariably becomes greasy and soon begins to smell, while the carbide lamp is not very reliable unless it has been freshly filled.

The candle lamp is clean and handy, but it does not give quite enough light for ordinary purposes. For riding through streets and roads that are lighted, however—when, of course, all you need is a lamp that will be sufficient to meet legal requirements—you will find the candle lamp entirely satisfactory.

CHOOSING A HOUSE.

To the man about to embark upon the sea of matrimony the choice of a suitable residence is almost as important and difficult as the choice of the right joint-inmate.

The first thing to notice about a house is whether it is easily accessible. The time spent in travelling is an important consideration.

Do not, however, select a residence next door to the station, opposite a church, or near an L.C.C. school or a public-house.

So much for the environment; now for the building itself. If you house-hunt on a sunny day—which is a thing that does sometimes happen—make allowances for the fact that the rooms will often be darker and more gloomy than they are when beneath the full power of the sun.

Beware of any earthy smells in the lower storey, and carefully examine the wallpaper for traces of damp.

If you like the house, call on one or two of the neighbours, and ask them whether they find the district a healthy one.

Be sure to find out why the last tenant left; if he didn't like the house there must be something wrong with it; if he departed by moonlight you will be pestered for a twelvemonth by bill-leaving butchers, tailors, and various other tradesmen.

Finally, remember that while in one town the rates are 5s. 6d. in the pound, in another they will be as much as 13s. 6d.

BOOKS THAT MIGHT BE WRITTEN,

BUT WHICH WE WOULD NOT BUY.

"Wounds and How to Tend Them." By a Football Referee. (Sticking, Plaster, and Co. Sixpence.)

"Picking Men's Brains." By Stealmore Tricks. (Half-a-crown Net—but no catch.)

"Shooting Things—from a Mastodon to the Moon." By Theodore Roosevelt. (The Presidential Press. Five cents.)

"Ninety-Five Years of Society Scandal." By the Dowager Lady Scratch-Catte.

"How to Make Losers Win." By George Gray. (Cue, Tipp, and Co. Sixpence a Hundred.)

"The Hair Apparent—and the Hairy Parent." By Jorjar Simms, author of "Scratcho," and "How To Rub It In."

"Flapping Into Fame." By Phyllis Adair.

"There's Many a Slip—" A Pathetic Rinking Story. By Bearing Pain.

"Admiration—and How I Waller In It." By Lewis.

COMBINATION.

A FEW HINTS TO FOOTBALL CAPTAINS.

It is probable that the majority of amateur football teams, even at this stage of the season, have not yet acquired the height of their form. Possibly their forward play will be rather ragged. There will not be the requisite degree of cohesion among the lines of offence and defence which should exist if the team is to be really successful. In a word, the eleven will lack "combination."

The man who has seen a crack Midland football team opposed to an eleven of amateurs in a charity match or some such fixture will not need any explanation of the term "combination." The way the professionals "combined," passing the ball elusively at short and long distances, from one to the other, in a way that suggested that all the eleven men were controlled by one brain, will make it clear what the term "combination" means.

Here are a few suggestions which will be useful to ambitious football captains who are anxious to gain this excellent attribute.

Make your team indulge, on every available day, in "passing runs" up and down the field. Drop "shooting practice" for a while, and devote yourself solely to studying combination under varying conditions.

Work on the lines of a cricket team practising catches. The whole eleven stand in the field and chuck the ball from one to the other. There is no system, except that each man throws the ball to the player whom he thinks least expects it.

Well, line your men up in the ordinary way, and let the centre forward kick off. He tips the leather to one of his insides or out to the wings, just as he likes; and the attacking party move forward, swinging the ball from one to the other as they please. Right across from wing to wing, or backwards and forwards between two next-door neighbours—it is splendid practice.

Do not, on any account, forget to practise "passing back," which is a form of tactics woefully neglected by most amateur elevens. Many and many a time is a man deprived of the ball when he could have slipped it back to the halves, and then put himself into a good position to receive it again.

In such passing runs, the backs and halves would get excellent opportunities for learning how to send the ball judgmatically out to the forwards—and this would mean goals and goals to the team. The number of chances that are lost when a back sends the leather well over his forwards' heads to the opposing halves, is difficult to calculate.

The oftener a team is made to indulge in this passing practice the better, for thus they will encounter all sorts of weather conditions.

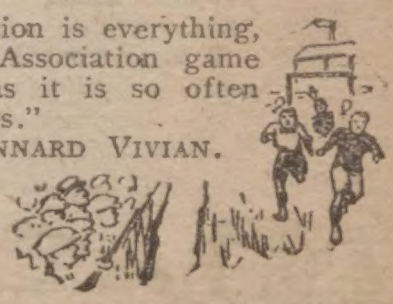
Now, most of us know that a different form of tactics should be employed on a wet day from those used on a dry one.

It is, of course ,obvous thait in the first case the ground will be soft and the ball greasy and heavy. So that short passing—simple "pushes" from one man to another at close quarters—will be the order. But on a dry day, when the ball will be light and resilient, a long passing game—right over from one wing to the other—will be found to pay best.

Whatever you do, don't let passing runs spoil the individuality of any man in your team. A good scheme is to make each man in turn try to dribble the ball through the other ten. If this is carried out systematically, you will have a team of resourceful dribblers that few other amateur skippers will be able to boast.

In a Rugby team, combination is everything, but its importance in the Association game cannot be over-estimated, as it is so often neglected by a team's "stars."

LENNARD VIVIAN.



BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

M. F. S. (Swansea).—Pay a visit on the next drill night to the nearest Territorial headquarters. The Sergeant-Major is not likely to have any objection to your watching the work done, and you will then be able to decide definitely whether you want to join.

J. M. GRINDLEY, 102, Meadow Street, Moss Side, Manchester, wants to exchange picture postcards with readers in the Colonies and in foreign countries.

E. H. B. (Bristol).—The North-West Mounted Police are splendid men, and you could not do better than join them. As you have already decided to go to Canada, it will be best for you to make inquiries when you get there. We may warn you that the standard of physical fitness for applicants is a very high one.

H. A. (Warrington).—Don't put your handkerchief in the vest of your evening clothes. Push it up your sleeve.

A. W. (Johannesburg) informs us that while travelling by train to Krugersdorp he was wearing his League badge, as he always does. Opposite him sat a young chap, and all of a sudden he caught hold of our correspondent's hand, and said, "You are the first MODERN MAN League member I have seen in Africa."

Though a member, the stranger was not wearing his badge. This sort of thing is hardly what one would call playing the game. It is all very well to claim acquaintance with someone who is wearing the badge, and to allege that you are a League member, but what proof is there of your assertion unless you have got your badge on?

J. B. (Oxford).—You are quite right in considering that a loin cover is necessary for your horse, especially as you have a good deal of standing about to do in wet and cold weather. This sort of cover protects the horse over the kidneys and saves him much discomfort, besides saving you vet.'s fees.

F. S. G. (Glasgow).—Elastic sided boots—known in the Service as jemimas—will answer the purpose sufficiently well, for the elastic parts are hidden by the overalls; but they do not look so smart as Wellingtons, for the latter make the trousers sit better.

H. T. (Bradford) informs us that he obtained over twenty applications in connection with an advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange page. This is by no means a record.

R. F. C. (Dublin).—For ordinary sparring it is better to have boxing gloves with elastic at the wrists. The sort that you tie with tape are all very well if you have someone to tie them on for you, but where there are only yourself and your friend present, the last one to put on his gloves is obliged to leave the tape uncomfortably slack.

A. D. (Portsmouth).—Apply to your Sergeant-Major and get him to lay your request before your Squadron Commander, who will probably forward it to the Colonel. It would be bad form, and would probably lead to trouble if you applied to the Colonel direct.

H. S. (Birmingham).—You are not the only man who manages to crush the arch out of the soles of his boots before the boots are worn out. It is probably due to a low instep, or to the way you walk. Boots that are made flat in this manner look very bad; you can remedy the appearance to some extent by having the heels made a little higher than usual next time you have them repaired.

E. T. F. (Southampton).—The tool-bags supplied by cycle-dealers are usually made of interior leather, and the straps on which they are hung to the back of the saddle soon give way, owing to their poor quality and the constant swinging to and fro. Instead of getting a new bag, have a couple of sound straps fixed on the old one; any saddler will do it for a few pence.

D. L. (Carmarthen).—The habit of keeping a diary is rather a useless one, although many people do it for the first few weeks of January each year. It takes a lot of time to keep a diary properly, and the facts do not make very interesting reading afterwards, except to your enemies if the book happens to fall into their hands. Much better keep a little pocket-book, containing addresses and other notes that may be useful for reference.

C. W. (Manchester) objects very strongly to what he describes as "the stinking stuff that the proprietors of certain picture shows see fit to spray over the audience several times during a performance. The stuff is used as a disinfectant," he says, "and I should not care if it did not smell so strongly of cheap perfume. The stench of it seems to remain in your nose for a day after."

G. D. T. (Selkirk).—You are wrong in supposing that we dislike Mr. Bottomley personally. We have never met him, and have no particular desire to do so.

A. H. (Huddersfield).—For walking purposes, boots that are to be worn with leggings look better if the welts are fairly wide, but for riding it is better to wear boots with rather a narrow welt, as this makes it easier to free the foot from the stirrup in the event of an accident.

M. F. (Coventry).—You and many others seem to suppose that the Government, or some institution, should make everything smooth and easy for you in your proposed emigration to Australia. No one on this earth can insure the success of an emigrant, or of anyone else for that matter. You will have to fight your own battles, as other people have done before you.

E. P. (Ipswich).—We quite agree with you in thinking that the most attractive Territorial uniforms are those which most closely resemble the uniforms of the Regulars, but you must remember that some of the Territorial uniforms which could not on any account be mistaken for the regular garb, have traditions attached to them which ought to make any man proud to wear them.

R. S. L. (Northampton).—Some men, whose hair is oily, do not require to grease it, but, from what you say, yours appears to be coming out owing to lack of an occasional greasing. You can buy hair-dressing from your chemist cheaper than you can from the barber, but a little ordinary cold cream rubbed well into the roots of the hair will be found quite satisfactory. Common paraffin is a good hair-dressing, but not when the hair is so dry as yours seems to be.

J. K. (Chatham).—A winter cycle tour is never a success in this country. Give up the idea and be content with day spins during favourable weather. You are within easy reach of all the Kentish watering-places.

C. K. R. (Wandsworth) is disgusted to find that London papers give all their football space to the doings of London clubs. He comes from Bradford. Perhaps he would like to see one column in praise of the "Bradford Boys" and another on the Park Avenue team.

O. W. (Cheadle Hulme), **T. S.** (Nottingham), **J. H. S.** (Taunton), **L. B.** (Leicester), **C. H.** (Edinburgh), **R. A. P.** (Ledbury), **J. M.** (Manchester), **P. F.** (Reading), **A. J. B.** (Wapping), **J. H.** (Burslem), **F. B.** (Great Yarmouth), **E. G.** (Lewes).—Many thanks.

FRIENDS OF YOURS.

The following is a further list of members of "THE MODERN MAN" League. A form of application, which may be used by readers who have not already joined, appears on another page.

Members are requested to let us know at once of any change of address or any error in this list, which will be rectified in a supplementary list, containing also the names and addresses of newly-joined members.

EGREMONT.
J. R. E. BROWNBILL, 30, Rice Hey Road.
F. H. KEELING, 6, Guildford Street.
W. RAMSDEN, Fern House, Church Street.
C. SHARPE, 14, Crescent Road.

ELDERSLIE-BY JOHNSTONE.
J. J. GALLAGHER, 1, Regent Place.

ELGIN.
A. W. EWEN 9, King Street.
J. A. EWEN, 9, King Street.

ELLAND.
F. GILL, 15, Park Road.

ELLESMERE.
W. S. VILES, Post Office, Overton.

ELLESMERE PORT.
J. DRINKWATER, Whitby Road, Whitby.

ELLON.
H. J. MILNE, Auchtercrag.

ELTHAM.
S. BUSH, 84, Grangehill Road.
E. KITTERHING, 197, Grangehill Road.
E. C. RUMFORD, 2, Madras Villas.
J. A. WIGHT, 124, Grangehill Road.

ENNISKERRY.
P. F. STEEDE

ERITH.
A. BOWERS, 17, Alexandra Road.
P. HEARN, 44, Cross Street.

EXETER.
F. CRAWFORD, 46, East Grove Road.
V. LETHEREN, 29, Friar's Walk.
G. LINDSAY, "Devonia," Nelson Road, St. Thomas.
S. H. STEER, 42, Paris Street.

FALKIRK.
W. ARNOT, "Woodside."
G. CAMPBELL, 24, Alma Street.
T. FRASER, 25, Alma Street.
A. McCALLUM, 3, Alma Street.
J. RICHARDSON, Mungalhead Road, Bainsford.
R. STIRRAT, "Summerford."

FALMOUTH.
W. R. T. SHAW, H.M.S. "Argus."
T. A. SOULT, H.M.S. "Argus."

FAREHAM.
P. BROWN, 4, Trinity Place.

FARINGDON.
H. BLUNDEN, Police Station.
R. GIBBS, Police Station.
—. STRATFULL, Police Station.

FARINGTON.
W. AYLWARD, Fair View, Farington Lane.

FARNBOROUGH.
J. COOPER, "Melita," Union Street.
H. J. MILLARD, Lynchford Road, P.O.
J. A. RICHARDSON, "Melita," Union Street.

FARNHAM (SURREY).
F. J. NEWMAN, Wesleyan Soldiers' Home, Ewshott.

FARNHAM ROYAL (BUCKS).
J. B. BARNES, The Chase Gardens.
F. J. WARD, The Chase Gardens.

FARNWORTH.
H. CUNLIFFE, 73, Market Street.
H. JONES, 167, Plodder Lane.
F. WATSON, 13, Rawson Street.
F. WHITTAKER, 12, Alexandra Street.
H. WHITTAKER, 76, Higher Market Street.

FAVERSHAM.
A. BISPING, Cadeleigh, Athalstan Road.

FELLING-ON TYNE.
J. LAMB, 7, Booth Street.
J. F. PEARSON, 40, Split Crow Lane.

FENCEHOUSES.
W. FORSTER, The Quay, Houghton-le-Spring.
C. S. LAMBTON, Lumley Sixth Pit.

FENTON.
T. HUMPHREYS, 5, York Street.

FERNDALE.
M. EVANS, 16, Commercial Street, Blaenllecha.
W. E. GREGSON, 60, Fountain Street.
A. JONES, 3, Graig Terrace.
D. H. JONES, 31, Brown Street.
D. T. JONES, "Afon Fryn."
I. A. JONES, Belmont House, North Road.
E. A. NELMES, 79, Taff Street.
R. PARRY, Belmont House, Ardwyn Terrace.
G. PHILLIPS, 2, Taff Street.
J. TANNER, "Afon Fryn," New Villas.
B. WALSH, 34, Frederick Street.

FERRYHILL.
W. HILKER, Durham County Asylum, Winterton.
J. LAURENCE, 5, Parker Terrace, Darlington Road.
J. TAYLOR, 12, High Street, West Cornforth.
G. W. WARREN, 18, Duncombe Terrace.

(To be continued.)

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Gentlemen, here is a clothing hint worth knowing! "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. A really high class coat, thoroughly waterproof and reliable, for ordinary or sporting wear. Ready for service, in all sizes. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent.'s mackintosh, in perfect condition, size 38 chest; bargain, 16s. 6d.—Box 3927, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs trousers; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3930, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Fine reversible sporting coat, guaranteed waterproof both sides, in good condition. 38 to 40 chest; bargain 30s., or near offer.—Box 3966, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Light-weight oilskin coat, yellow; 46in. chest; nearly new; 15s.; cost double.—Osborne, 43, Belgrave Crescent, Bath.

Gentlemen, sacrifice. Dress coat suit, nearly new, lined silk throughout, silk facings, velvet collar, cost £8 8s., take £2 18s. 6d.; dress jacket to match, lined silk throughout, silk facings and silk collar, take 27s. 6d.; 38in. chest; silk opera hat, new, six and seven-eighths, cost 25s., take 10s. 6d., or nearest offer for lot.—Box 4124, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, dress suit, 5ft. 10in., slender, good condition, cheap.—Box 4125, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, bagatelle board, good, bargain.—Box 4057, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3980, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 16ft. split cane salmon rod, by good maker.—Box 4101, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Fine set of boxing gloves, condition as new, bargain, 8s. the set.—Box 4133, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching ball, complete, fine quality, double-ended, cost 14s. 6d.; also brand new set boxing gloves, best make, cost 12s. 6d.; bargain, the lot, 16s. 6d.—Box 4027, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Revolver, London make, perfect condition, 20s.; cost £5.—Powell, 114, Shakespeare Road, Acton, London.

Roller Skates, Richardson's, cost 25s.; Klito ¼-plate camera, two extra plate-holders, new folding stand, cost 37s. 6d.; ¼-plate magazine camera, cost 21s.; Sandow grip dumb-bells, with chart, cost 12s. 6d.; Meredith Clease apparatus, with charts, cost 42s. What offers?—Box 4118, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, a secondhand trout-fly outfit, cheap for cash.—Box 4130, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, boxing gloves and punchball, completely new; cost £2 5s., sell 15s.—Box 4131 "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, miniature billiard table, 5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in., must be cheap.—Box 4132, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's roadster cycle, splendid condition, 3-speed gear, oil bath, Warwick tyres (unpunctured), £3 10s., part exchange considered.—Box 4135, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

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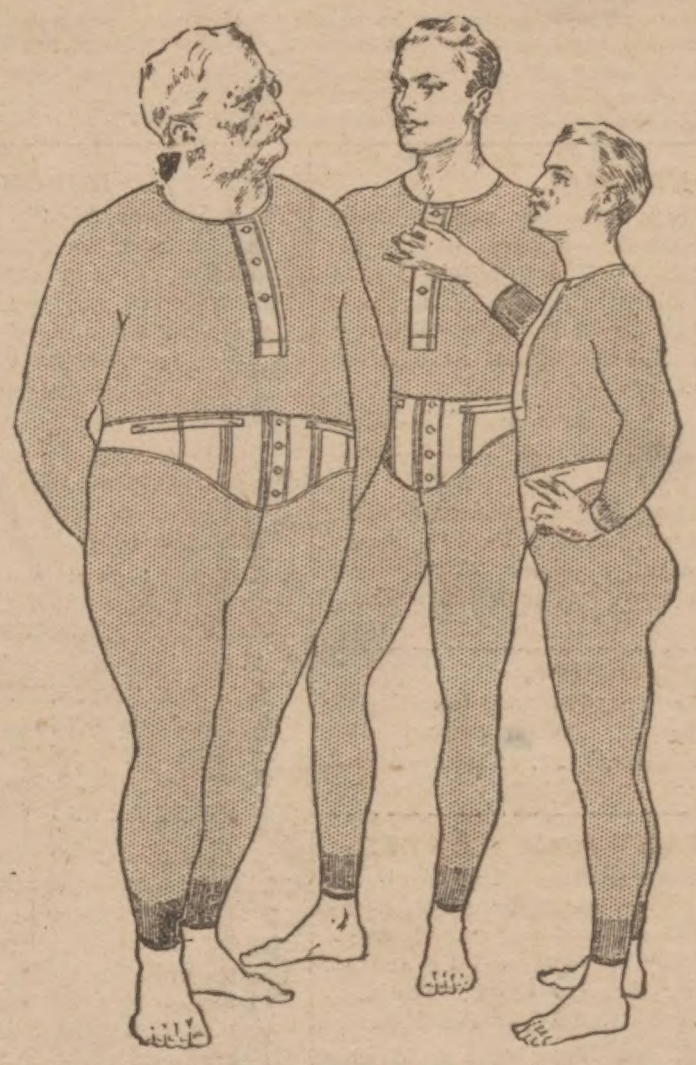

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